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*British
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Magazine*

JUNE 1913

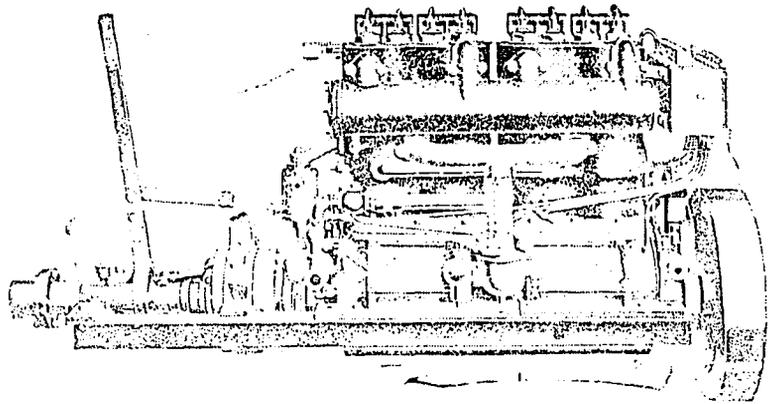
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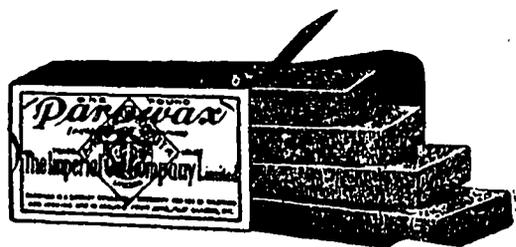
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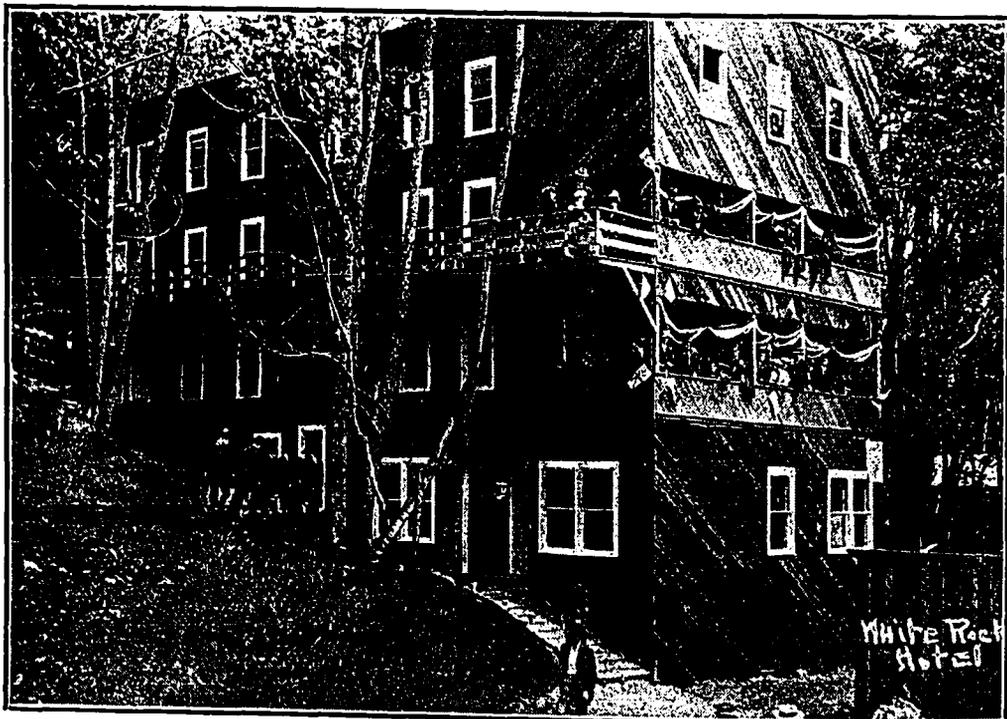
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

J. S. RAINE, Editor

J. L. W. LEARY, Development Editor

VOL. IX

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The Law of Life

“Oh, thou art hard!” cried Youth, beseeching Life.

*“Why dost thou force on me the yoke of pain,
And bow my shoulders, proud and strong today,
Beneath the weight of age, when I would fain
With leaf-crowned head and laughing mouth live on,
And praise thee with my songs; with happy eyes
Gaze on the vistas where my dancing feet*

*Will take me? But you make me over-wise—
With knowledge sadden, and with tears bedim
My outlook, till the world seems but a waste.
Why dost thou make me fair and strong and glad,
Only to wreck thy handiwork? Make haste, make haste!”*

*But Life, with eyes inscrutable and calm,
And quiet lips, deigned not the least reply.
Youth, whom she loved, embittered, ceased his plaint,
And hurried past the serried years to die.*

*The lone, gaunt woman smote her milkless breasts
And clenched her hands. Her moan resounded far.*

“Youth, whom I love, I may not nurse!” she cried.

*“I may not show him where the right paths are.
I may not guide his steps, nor ease his care,
Nor raise him if he falls, although I yearn
To be his aid. I, his own mother, may not even speak,
For only through my silence will he learn!”*

—Hallett Abend.



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Vol. IX

JUNE 1913

No. 6

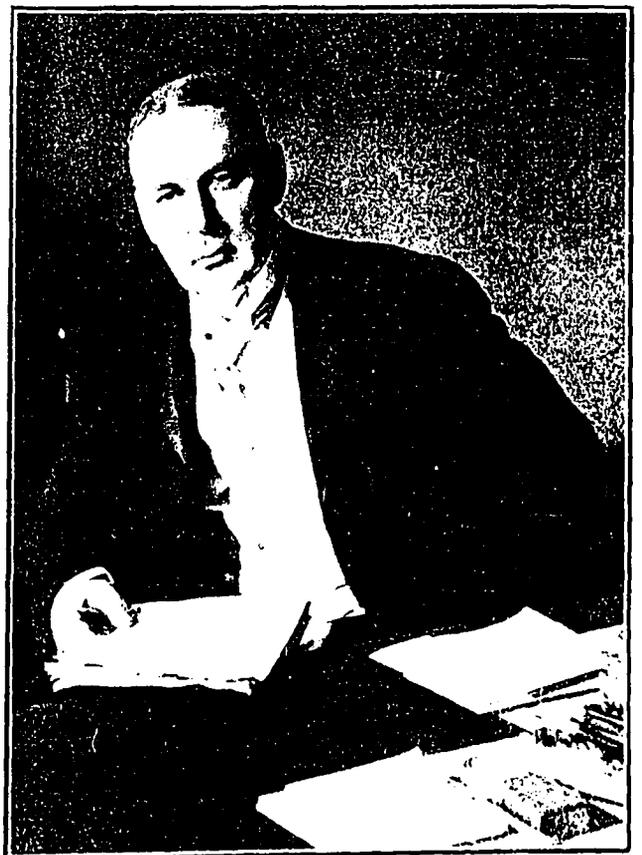
The White Empresses of the Pacific

By J. S. Raine

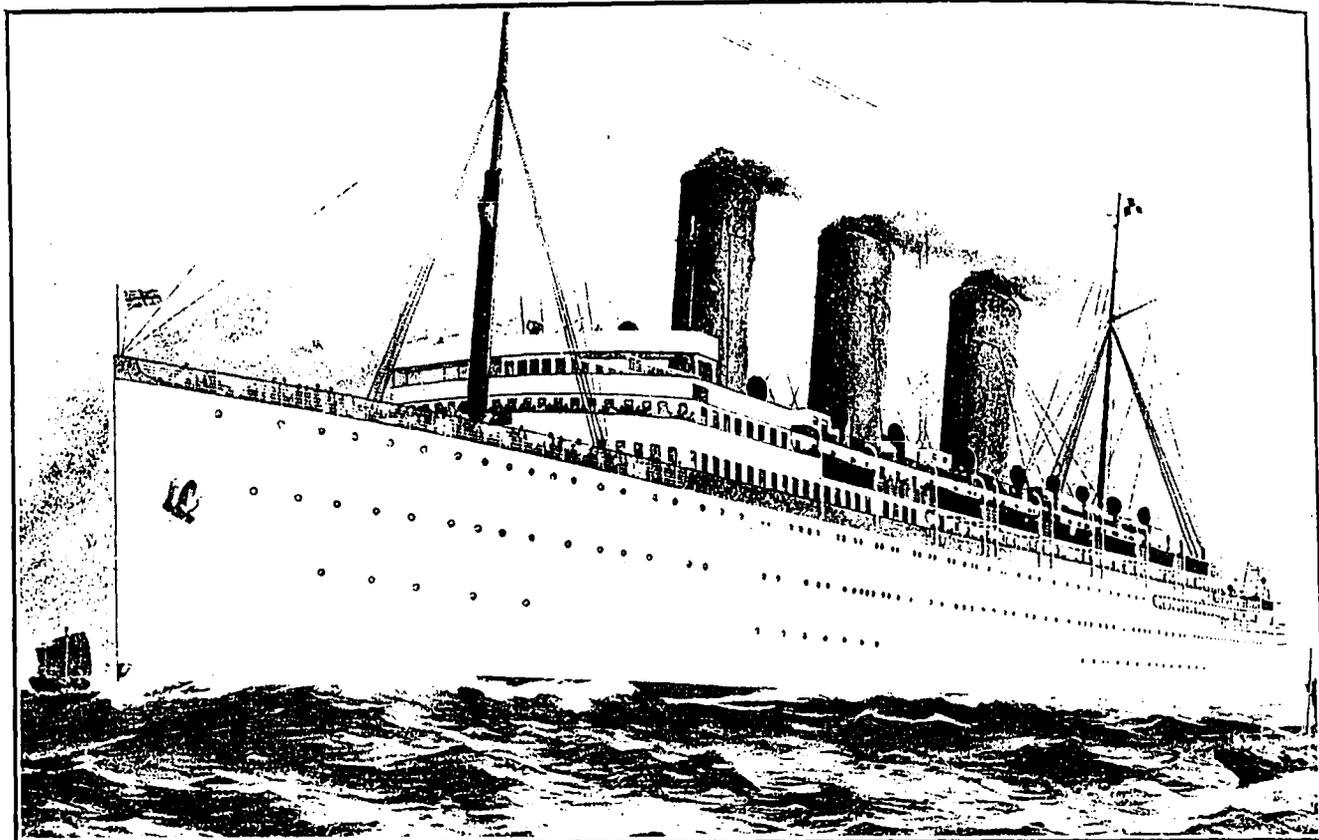
FROM the West to the East; to the East by way of the West—such has been the ambition of numberless navigators and discoverers from the middle of the Dark Ages down to the present day. It inspired Columbus to embark upon that fateful voyage which opened out the vistas of a New World; and in later time it sent forth the brave sailors who pushed their way northward up the western coast of the American continent and made the discovery of British Columbia. The old ambition still lives, and finds expression in the growing inter-communication between the rich new countries of Western America and the ancient lands of the Orient across the Pacific. And this month one of the most striking proofs of its existence is to be supplied by the action of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in sending two new floating palaces round the world to find their home in Vancouver.

The "C. P. R."—to employ the everyday term in use throughout this land—is no longer hand at forging links of trade and transportation between the Orient and Western Canada. For nearly a generation its "Empresses" have been crossing the northern part of the Pacific at regular intervals, and during that time the arrival or departure from Burrard Inlet of the Empress of Japan or the Empress of India, boats of 6,000 tons register, has been looked

upon as an event. But we are now entering upon a day of greater things, the Empress of Russia, now almost due in the Inlet, and the Empress of Asia, which is expected to arrive in a few months, are boats of 10,850



MR. G. M. BOSWORTH, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE C. P. R., WHO HAS CHARGE OF THE COMPANY'S TRANS-OCEANIC STEAMSHIPS



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, THE LARGEST SHIP EVER BROUGHT INTO VANCOUVER HARBOR

tons gross register, each one therefore being, in the matter of tonnage, rather more than two and a half times the size of its older contemporaries. What is more, they will be the fastest trans-pacific boats on any line, reducing the time taken in the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama by fully a day, and effecting, of course, a still greater saving of time as compared with the duration of the voyage from any port further south.

But the most important change these new vessels will bring about is this: So far we have had an "Empress" sailing for the Orient once in four weeks, the Empress of Japan, the Empress of India and the Monteagle making the voyage in turns. Now, the two new leviathans will be added to the line, and from now onward there will be a fortnightly service, with the two new ships providing vastly more accommodation, both for passengers and freight, than the older ones.

It is not too much to say that the launching of these two new "Empresses" on the Clyde in the latter part of last year was looked upon as amongst the most noteworthy events in a year remarkable for progress accomplished in the world of shipping. "The most magnificent and safest vessels afloat," was the description applied to them by a prominent official of the owning company, and probably this is

no over-statement of fact, though several bigger vessels exist on the Atlantic routes. They have been built with double bottoms and watertight compartments, the latter being numerous and closely placed. What used to be considered a reasonable margin of safety in the matter of watertight compartments has been greatly added to in vessels which have been completed since the Titanic disaster, and of this extra measure of caution the Empress of Russia and the Empress of Asia will have the advantage. Fortunately the aim was to provide that a ship with two compartments flooded would still be beyond danger of sinking, but here, if four compartments are flooded at the same time, the ships will still float. Other devices making for safety are an up-to-date wireless apparatus, search lights and submarine signals; while the members of the crews are fully trained in life-saving, fire and other drills.

Both the vessels, which have been built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., of Glasgow, at a cost of two and a half million dollars each, are 590 feet in length, 68 feet beam and 46 feet in depth. They represent a new departure by the C. P. R. in that for the first time the turbine system of propulsion has been adopted. They are propelled by four screws driven by four sets of Parsons' tur-

bines, and their average speed at sea will be eighteen knots an hour.

Yet another important departure: A casual glance at either of the new Empresses shows a peculiarity in their construction in the neighborhood of the stern. This part is built after the manner of a cruiser, and calls attention to the fact that, if required, they are capable of being fitted with guns. So that, in spite of political delays and the paying off of the crew of the "Rainbow" we shall still have the "nucleus of a navy," with its local habitation on the Pacific coast of Canada. The rudders are entirely underhung. The effective length of water-line is increased by this form of stern, propulsion is assisted, and there is an addition to the available deck space at the after-end.

In all, each vessel will accommodate one thousand one hundred passengers — 200 first-class, 100 Asiatic second-class, and 800 Asiatic third-class, besides a crew of 475 officers and men — a total floating population, when all the accommodation is taken, of 1,575 souls. Taking the ship from the keel upwards, there is, first, the double bottom, then the orlop, lower, main, upper and shelter decks, and above the latter is the long fore-castle and bridge, the bridge deck being extended to the stern and stanchions. Higher up is the promenade deck, about 350 feet in length, which are the first-class public rooms, the officers' quarters and navigating bridge, etc.

In the construction of the ships provision has been made that either oil fuel or coal may be used. The propelling machinery will consist of four turbines of the Parsons type, embodying the most recent improvements in design and construction to

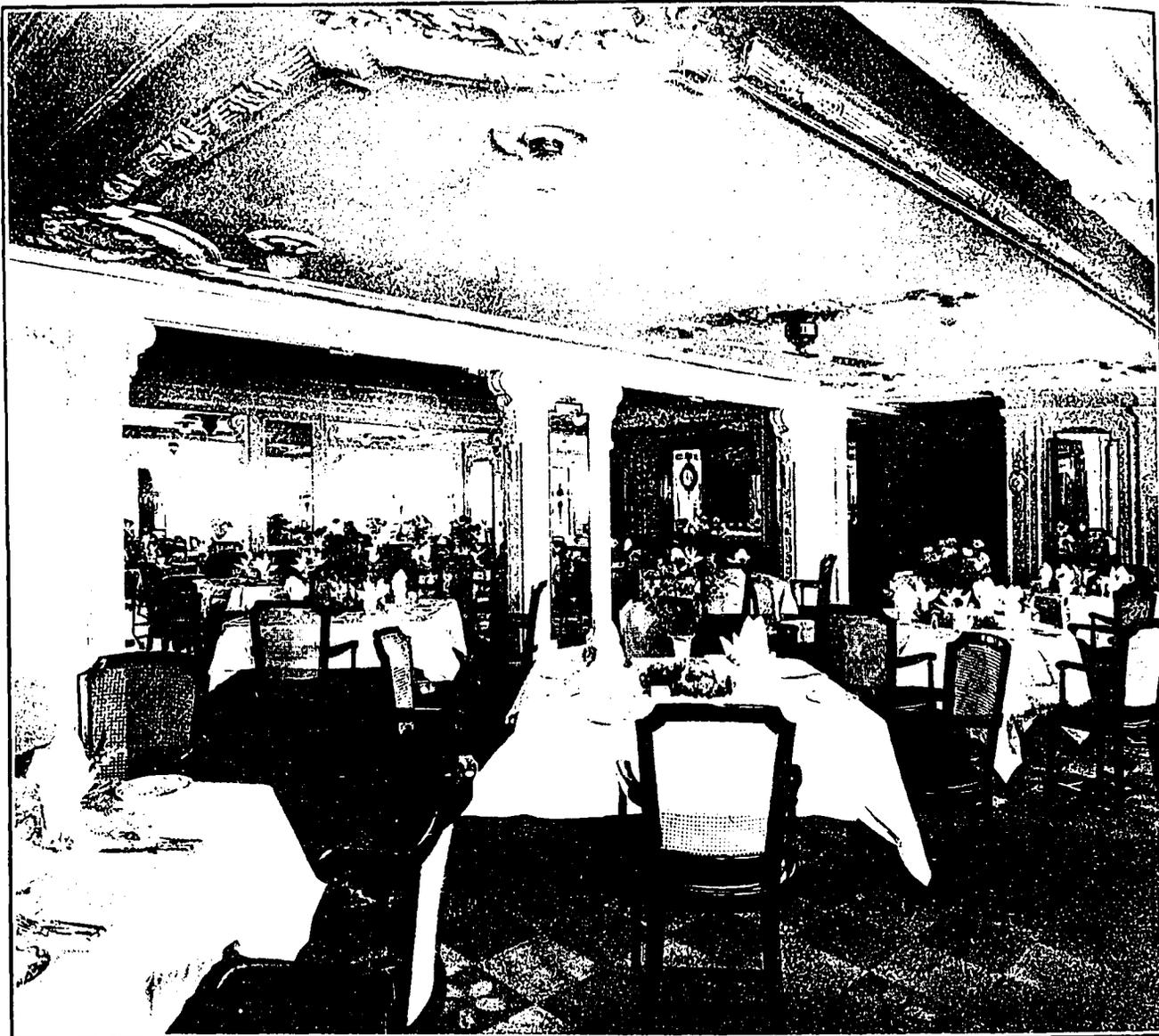
ensure the maximum economy of fuel consumption. For manoeuvring, when entering or leaving harbor, independent high-pressure steam connections are provided. The four turbines are situated in one watertight compartment, and in a separate compartment immediately aft are the two condensers of the Weir Uniflux type, together with the circulating pumps, dual type wet and dry air pumps, evaporators and distillers. In view of the service in which these vessels are to be engaged, the installation of refrigerating machinery is very large.

Just forward of mid-ships on the shelter deck is situated the first-class reception room and cafe, measuring 44 feet by 64 feet, with large embarking gangways on either side. Through this room access is gained to all the first-class accommodation, and on the aft side is the main saloon, 74 feet long and 64 feet wide. A feature of this room is the semi-private tables for six, arranged in alcoves. Within easy reach of their cabins

on the upper deck, and leading directly to a covered promenade on the shelter deck, is a second-class entrance and saloon, which in turn leads to the second-class saloon? These rooms are fitted in a large airy deck-house, about 50 feet long



CAPTAIN BEETLAM, R.N.R., OF THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA



DINING SALOON, CROSS VIEW

and 48 feet wide. At the aft end of the shelter deck, isolated from the first and second-class, a large covered airing for Asiatic passengers has been provided. At the extreme end of the ship are the hospitals, laundry, embalming-room, etc.

Each of the staterooms is 10 feet by 9 feet and has sleeping berths for two persons, and a couch so arranged as to be easily convertible into a bed. A special feature of these rooms is that, if one person only should engage the room, all evidence of the other berth is hidden. Two staterooms can be converted into one suite.

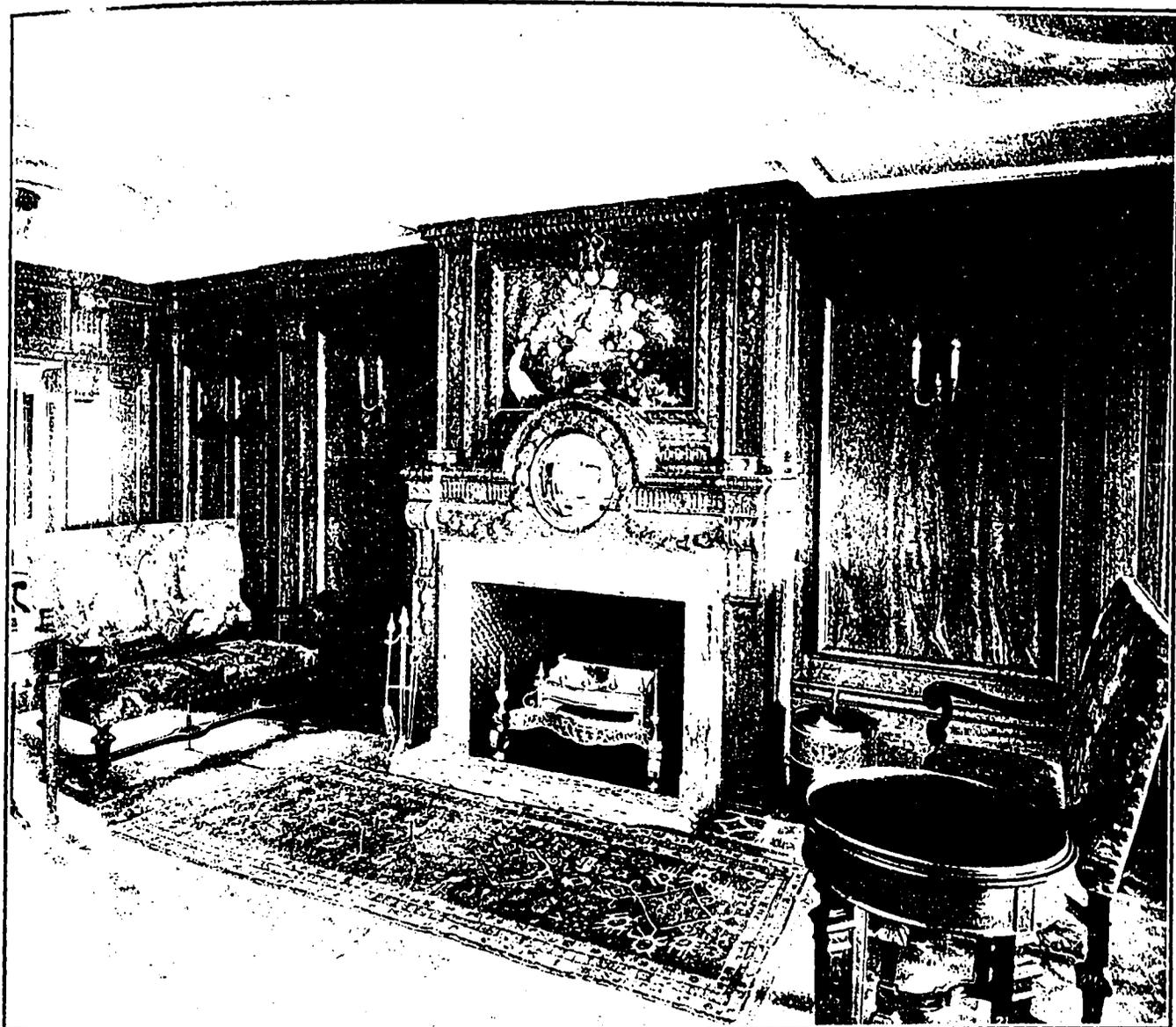
One of the first-class promenades runs round the deck-house, with a length on either side of 450 feet, and a minimum width of 8 feet. At the aft end for 100 feet it extends from side to side of the ship. Encircling the promenade at the forward end of the deck-houses a screen is erected at the ship's side and across the ship 8 feet in from the house, with large observation windows, giving a sheltered

promenade of 240 feet long. The promenade deck, at the head of the grand staircase, has a deck-house 320 feet long by 44 feet broad, containing first-class staterooms, and parlor suites of two, three and four rooms, all self-contained, with bathroom, dressing room, etc.

Midway in the length of the deck-house is the lounge, 48 feet long by 36 feet broad. Further aft a writing-room has been introduced, and at the aft end are the smoking-room and verandah cafe, occupying a space 57 feet long and 43 feet broad. Around the deck-house is an open promenade with screen protection at the forward end, similar to that fitted on the bridge deck.

On the house-top, with an internal stairway from the deck-house on the promenade deck, is a large gymnasium, fitted up with a large variety of exercising machines, including rowing, vibrator, astride and saddle machines.

Natural ventilation has been provided



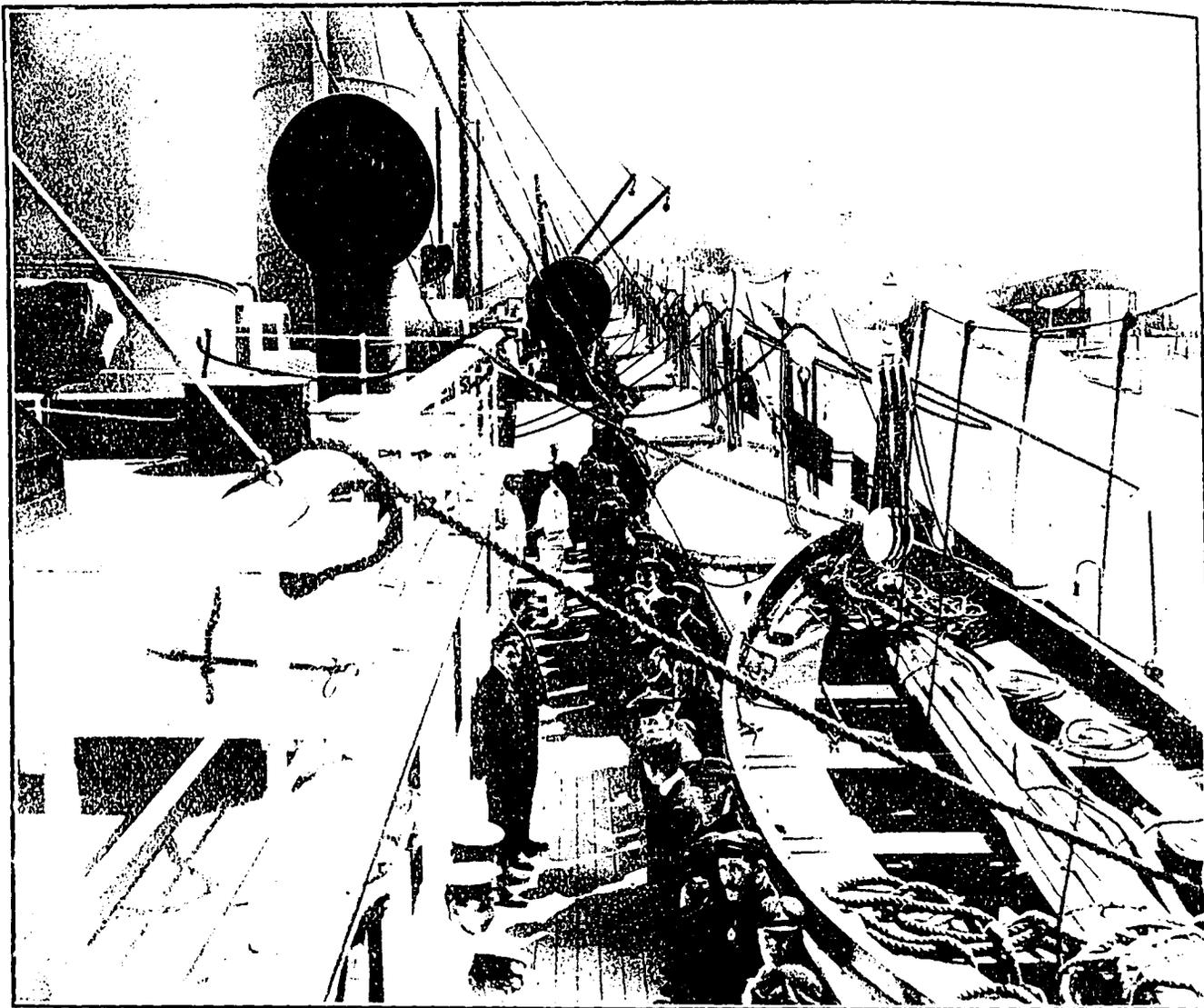
FIREPLACE, ETC., IN SMOKING ROOM, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

various sections of the ship, and electric radiators and electric fans can also be used in the state or public rooms should the conditions so demand. The electric generating plant, consisting of five independent sets of engines and dynamos, provides a complete system of electric lights, radiators, and power for the large stokehold fans, also for the ventilating fans throughout the ship, and the silent working cranes and winches for the rapid handling of cargo. Signalling at sea can be carried on by a semaphore on the bridge of the type used in the British Admiralty for short distances, while the equipment includes, of course, the long-range Marconi system.

A point not to be lost sight of is that these vessels, though intended primarily for the passenger service, will carry several thousand tons of freight on each voyage between Canada and the Orient. This feature of their usefulness to Western Canada is important. Hitherto the Chinese and Japanese have not been large con-

sumers of wheaten bread, but there are signs that, in this as well as in other matters, they are going to follow the example of the European and American peoples more and more. Probably we shall see in the future large shipments of grain and flour being made across the Pacific from Vancouver, together with machinery and manufactured goods. On their return voyage eastward the ships will bring huge consignments of tea, rice, spices and, most important of all, raw silk. This last-named commodity is a cargo that requires to be carried in the fastest and most reliable boats, as, owing to its immense value, the time spent in transit represents an unproductive period for a considerable amount of capital. This enhances the importance of the route via Vancouver from China to the Eastern States and even to the silk manufactories of Europe.

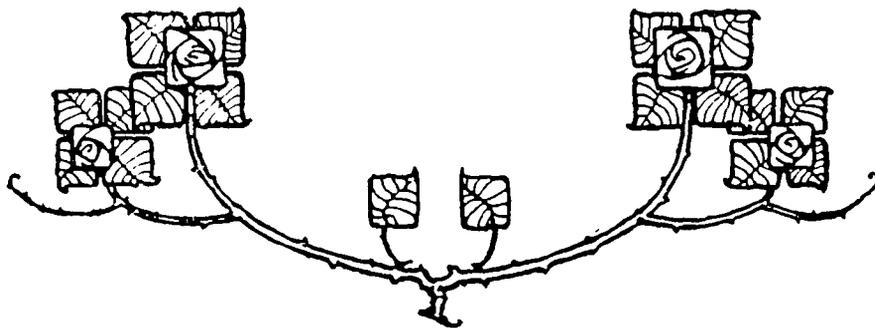
With the greatest sincerity Vancouver, Victoria (also a calling-place for the White



BOAT DRILL ON THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

Empresses) and British Columbia generally will wish success to this latest enterprise of the "C. P. R." By leaving England on the initial voyage on board one of these new liners, which come here by the eastward route, and then crossing Canada by one of the through trains to Montreal and taking passage in the Empress of Britain or the Empress of Ireland for Liverpool, it will be possible for a passenger to "put a girdle

round the earth" exclusively by means of the boats and trains of this great company. The ordinary sailings of the company from Liverpool to Montreal, its train journey across Canada to Vancouver, and the voyage on a Pacific Empress from here to Hong Kong, represent a continuous trip of 11,840 miles. In that great triumphal arch of modern travel, Vancouver may justly claim to be the keystone.



A Woman Who Homesteaded

By Gertrude Major

How I came to be left, at the age of forty-seven, almost entirely without money and compelled to walk in crutches, would make a story of itself, but if I tried to write it it would make me too sad; so I shall just begin by saying that such was the fact. Not knowing what else to do, I began to figure on homesteading, as I found that no one wanted to employ a crippled woman who was already past her youth.

I was in Rossland, B. C., and people there were just beginning to talk of the Peace River country and other areas full of promise, and of the railroads that were going to criss-cross all through Canada. I felt that, if I could only get a few of those acres, I would have some weapon to throw at the wolf that I could almost hear barking at my door.

After a great deal of reading up on the country I finally filed on a claim of forty acres, about fifteen miles from Rossland. It was heavily timbered and well watered, but it took almost my last dollar to pay for the papers. I thought I could live my first few months in a tent, but found I could not do so on account of the wild animals abounding in the forests. I heard of a carpenter three miles from Rossland whose wife was ill. I went to see him and agreed to do all of the work and nurse his wife (I could do a good deal in the house in spite of my crutch) if he would build a cabin on my place. He agreed to do this, but said he had no way of getting material for building on the place. So when I got through working for him I went and cooked for a dozen "lumber jacks" and so made enough to pay for having the lumber taken to the claim. I made arrangements to have the provisions for six months charged at the nearest store. During this time I lived principally on bacon, cornmeal and coffee.

As soon as the lumber was on the place we went out. We camped the first night in the open by a big fire. The next night

the cabin was up. My furniture had gone out with the lumber. It consisted of a little rust-eaten stove and a cot, donated by the carpenter's family, two china plates, a tin cup, a frying-pan, some steel knives and forks, some comforters and a sofa cushion.

The man and boy who built the cabin left on the morning of the third day. That day, and the week following, was a time of terror. Never before did I dream what loneliness could be. It was so still that the silence made my ears ache. I could hear the worms gnawing in the new fence rails that the men had split and put up around the cabin. At night there were sounds that cut the silence with an indescribable effect of terror. There was the long cry of the coyotes, the whine of the bobcats and the snarl of the cougars. They came up to my very doorstep and looked with gleaming eyes into my window. I think I should have gone mad had I not known that I could leave my claim for a time after six months. I checked off the days, one less each night. I chopped wood, slowly and painfully, and little by little I got a little clearing made.

It was worse after the snow came. The loneliness became greater than I could bear, and one morning, risky as I knew it to be, I started out to walk to the nearest neighbor, a distance of three miles, through trackless snow. We had blazed the way when we came in. I had a terrible experience, but I would have borne anything for the sake of the sound of a human voice. The snow was deep, but it was not very cold and I kept warm walking, but the trip took me all day long.

Toward nightfall I saw a cougar that had been trailing me silently for I know not how long. He was probably thirty feet away when I saw him, I brandished my crutch and he retreated a little, but I didn't like the watchful gleam of his eye. I was completely exhausted when I reached

shelter, and it seemed to me that every one yelled. People who have lived in the great silences of the forests speak low, always.

I stayed until my time was up, and the next time I went back to my cabin I was pretty well equipped. I had borrowed, begged and bought books and magazines. I had all kinds of scraps for patch work, some materials for fancy work and several hanks of wool for knitting. I had also some badly needed garden tools and all kinds of seeds. I made a garden and tended it as if it had been an infant.

The first year I carried all of the water in pails from a spring, but the next year I had a hose arrangement. Some of the water I warmed slightly before putting on the tender plants. These, I noticed, did better than the ones watered with cold water. I soon had vegetables that I could trade for my groceries, and could have sold a great many more had I been able to market them. I often walked the three miles to the settlement. I chopped wood and left it to dry for the next time I came back. I arranged a systematic course of study from the old school books I had brought. I could not do any fancy work after all, as my hands were too much roughened by the hard work I had to do about the place. I did, however, piece a quilt of the most complicated original design (on which I spent a good many hours) and I knit twelve pair of mittens and as many golf gloves. But even the wool clung to my rough hands, so that this was difficult.

When my six months was up I went across the line to Spokane and sold my gloves and entered the quilt at the fair, where it took a prize. It deserved it, for it was truly fearfully and wonderfully made.

I made enough to pay my bills and buy a lot more materials for work. I took a number of fruit jars out to the place that time, and canned some of the vegetables I had raised. I canned peas, cauliflower, beets and cucumbers. I made two more quilts and knitted more gloves, also some fancy little woolen sacks for infants. I took prizes with the canned vegetables and with the baby sack at the fair that fall. Five dollars of this prize money I used to make a first payment on a lot in Calgary, which was just then beginning to be talked about. I knew that any country where one could

plant nickles and see them come up dollars, as I had literally done with my garden, had to go ahead.

I made a lawn and put in flowers. I had an adventure too, apropos of this. A man came to my cabin one evening, out of the mists and shadows of the forests apparently. He was dressed roughly as a prospector, but spoke like a man of education. I told him what I was doing. He said that he was making a study of the flora of British Columbia, and that when he got back east—he was the principal of an eastern college, as I afterward learned—he would send me some shrubs. He did.

He sent me some of the very choicest of rose bushes and all kinds of fancy shrubs. They were like a family of children, come all at once to a starving maternal heart. They could not have been tended more tenderly had they been delicate children, and it paid.

I tried all kinds of experiments with them. I began mixing the pollen of larkspur and other very blue flowers with the white rose. I did all kinds of things to this: put things around the roots and made so many different experiments that they ought, I am sure, to have produced a blue rose.

I raised some rare flowers and soon had quite a little market selling seed. I brought some of my choicest flowers to Vancouver and had no difficulty in getting orders for seed.

I lived on my homestead for five years—excepting the months when I was working for enough money to carry on the improvements and to pay on my city lot. That lot and my ranch (it is no longer a homestead, as I have proved up on it) are worth a good deal of money now.

I will never have to go out to work again. I will not have to go to a charitable institution when I am very old. I am mistress of my time, my home and my ranch. My hands are dreadfully rough and, I think, will always feel more like wielding an axe than doing embroidery. I am more stooped than a woman my age should be. I have come over a long, hard road, but now that I have reached a little knoll in the clearing, and look back over the way and see many golden lights in the shadows, I am not sorry to have traveled it.

Newport and the Pemberton Meadows

By J. H. Welch

WHEN the immigrant or the investor tries to estimate the possibilities of some strategic point on the coast of British Columbia he ought to bring to bear, as the Red Queen said to Alice in Wonderland, "a memory that works both ways." He should turn to some of the older cities which chance or destiny selected as the objects of first attention by the stranger coming to a strange land, and, seeing what the last ten or twenty years have done for Vancouver and Victoria, he might picture what is likely to happen in a similar period in some of the places that were, so to speak, born only yesterday. And then, allowing his memory to work forward, he may reflect that at present we have only two big railways coming to the British Columbia coast, and that in a few years we shall have half a dozen; that at the present time we are seeing the inauguration of a new trans-oceanic steamship to our ports once in a few weeks; that settlers are coming into this western land more rapidly than ever; and that the United States is lowering her tariff bars, thus giving more ready access to every natural product with which we can supply her. All this means that on the British Columbia coast things are going to happen which will be of interest both to Mr. Immigrant and to Mr. Investor.

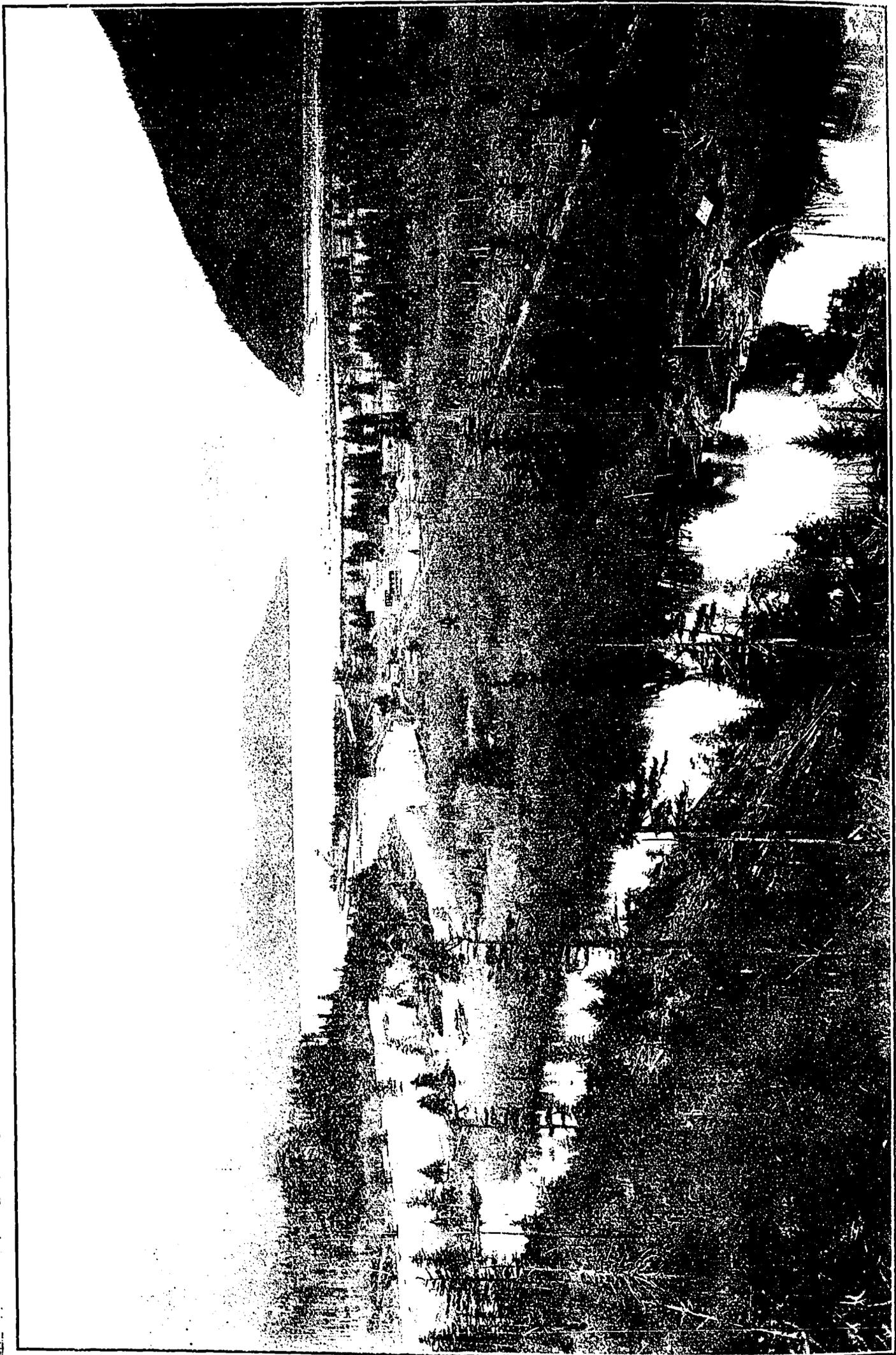
They are going to happen most conspicuously at Newport, at the head of Howe Sound, where the navigable water stretches up to the gateway of one of our most promising fertile valleys, and whence the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, now under construction, will open up direct communication

with the central valleys, with Fort George, with the Peace River country, and the mighty prairie beyond.

First, as to harbor possibilities: Howe Sound, that broad highway of water, is of great depth and offers a clear and safe passage to the biggest ships on the way to Newport docks. Most of the water-frontage at Newport is owned by the Pacific Great Eastern Company, and the fact that this is the first point at which they strike tide-water after their long haul overland makes irresistible the conclusion that the company's docks will be here.



UNLIMITED WATER-POWER AVAILABLE NEAR NEWPORT



A VIEW OF NEWPORT HARBOR



A DAY OF SMALL BEGINNINGS—CLEVELAND AVENUE, THE FUTURE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF NEWPORT

The Pacific Great Eastern line is being pushed north-easterly to Fort George as fast as men and money can do the work. At Fort George the Pacific Great Eastern will meet the Grand Trunk. A through connection will be established with the cities of the prairie, and also to the Peace River country, as the charter of the Pacific Great Eastern requires a steel trail to be laid into that country. The line to Fort George will, of course, be the first accomplished and of this 450 miles of track it is expected that the last spike will be driven within two years.

And what of the products that will come down for export from this vast, rich region. Grain from the Peace River and the prairie, coal from the great deposits of the interior, timber and lumber from some of the world's largest forest areas, fruit and farm stock from the Pemberton and Lillooet valleys, all these may be expected, in time, to add their quota to the prosperity of Newport. In the country tributary to Newport are billions of feet of timber unexcelled in the Northwest. Also there is abundant water-power. These are factors which lend themselves readily to the establishment of great industries of wood-working and paper-making. One papermill, employing about three hundred men, is already in operation on the west side of Newport harbor.

Newport has provided itself with that useful adjunct to a town's enterprise, a board of trade. At its inauguration a few weeks ago Dr. Scharschmidt was elected president; Mr. Patrick Welch, of the firm of Foley, Welch and Stewart, was made honorary president; Mr. Mashiter, vice-president, and Mr. Roy Wheeler, secretary and treasurer. The council are Messrs. Ross, Fraser, Judd, Gailbraith and McKenzie.

As to the region that lies immediately behind Newport, that of Pemberton Meadows, a highly interesting witness comes forward in the person of Mr. John Ronayne, a scientific farmer, and one of the owners of a 620-acre ranch there. Mr. Ronayne writes:

This district comprises the valley of the Upper Lillooet River, extending up from Lillooet Lake for about forty miles, with an up-grade of ten feet per mile and averaging one and one-half miles in width for the fertile alluvial land.

The whole valley was no doubt at one time an extension of Lillooet Lake, which has since been filled in by sediment brought down from the glaciers. To understand how this has been brought about one needs but to look at the river on a hot summer day as it swirls along bluish white in color loaded to its utmost capacity with its burden of sediment from nature's gigantic mills. The mountains which flank the valley on both sides rise up steeply as a general rule, though well-wooded, to the timber line, and attain an altitude of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet.

Above the timber the ground is gently sloping and undulating, and would perhaps afford good summer pasturage for sheep or cattle. Glaciers are not in evidence except at the extreme sources of the river.

In by far the greatest area the soil is a very fine mud, not sand, and yet too friable to be clay, of a brownish yellow color, turning darker from cultivation. Unlike clay it does not bake, and it lends itself admirably to the making of a fine dust mulch, which is so efficacious in preventing evaporation of soil moisture in spells of drought.

There is another kind of soil found along the river banks and close to old river



A BEAUTIFUL DAIRY COUNTRY

courses and sloughs, a fine grey sand which nevertheless is fairly retentive of moisture. This is generally at a higher level than the first mentioned soil, and can be worked much earlier in the spring, and though it will not produce such heavy crops of hay and grain, it will be found more suitable for small fruits and general gardening.

Again, there is a small extent of soil consisting of coarse sand and gravel, derived mostly from tributaries that flow with a steep grade into the main valley. The ease with which such ground can be irrigated should make it useful for fruit raising. Lastly, there are, perhaps, a few hundred acres of peat bog which can in time be reclaimed by drainage. There is no part of the whole area which cannot be easily irrigated from the many mountain streams, the flow of which is most abundant when most needed, namely, in June and July.

Now as for that very important item—humus—it is a varying quantity. On high lands, undisturbed by floods or fire for centuries, there is a bed of rich black leaf mould, from a few inches to a foot in thickness, according to the period of accumulation. On lower lands that have in the recent past been periodically flooded there are alternating layers of mud and humus, ideal land for growing almost endless crops of rich hay.

As regards the cost of clearing, the lower ten miles or so is already devoid of timber, and the bringing of this area under cultivation is mainly a question of drainage, which can be accomplished effectively by the lowering of Lillooet Lake a few feet, a very feasible and not too expensive project. The rest of the valley is, perhaps, one-third heavily timbered with cottonwood and cedar, the former predominating, and a mixture of open moist land covered with a growth of bluejoint, slough grass and willow clumps, and burnt-over tracts of higher land bearing a dense covering of fire-weeds, bracken and some hard tack. This latter kind is almost ready for the plough, and a few surface drains will make the wetter land ready.

Here it may be opportune to say a little about sub-irrigation, that wonderful faculty of some soils to absorb moisture from underneath. A good deal of Pemberton land sub-irrigates to perfection, and the surface keeps damp in the driest weather, even when the river is comparatively low, but there is also a considerable area that benefits little or none from this agency. The degree of sub-irrigation depends entirely on the texture of the sub-soil. The water mounts most freely through fine sand. If a layer of coarse sand, gravel or clay intervenes between the water level and the surface the capillarization is intercepted. It is often

noticeable that high sandy land will stand drought better than low heavy land. However, when the river is at its normal high-water mark almost all the crops derive some benefit.

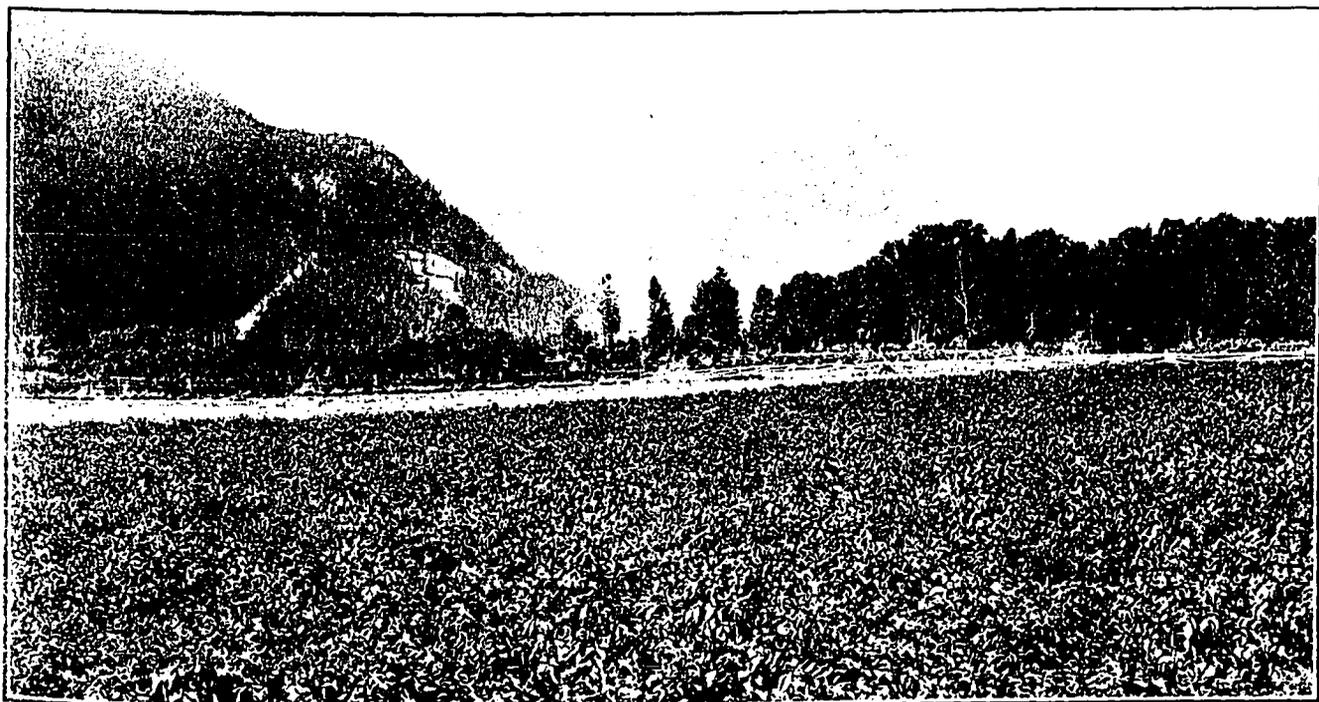
Now, as regards climate. The spring is cool and bright, with very little rainfall. The summer and early autumn are characterized by warm sunny days and cool nights, making ideal growing and harvesting conditions for crops suitable to temperate climes. Seeding operations start as soon as the snow leaves the ground, and are seldom interfered with by the state of the weather. The heat is never burdensome where there is any great extent of clearing, as it is tempered by gentle cool breezes. It is rarely that the temperature does not go below 50 degrees at night, and consequently the tired worker is sure of a good rest.

The rainy season sets in generally in October, and after that, owing to the great preponderance of high, snow-covered country in proportion to low-lying land, the temperature never rises much above 50 degrees, and cloudy, damp, cool weather prevails.

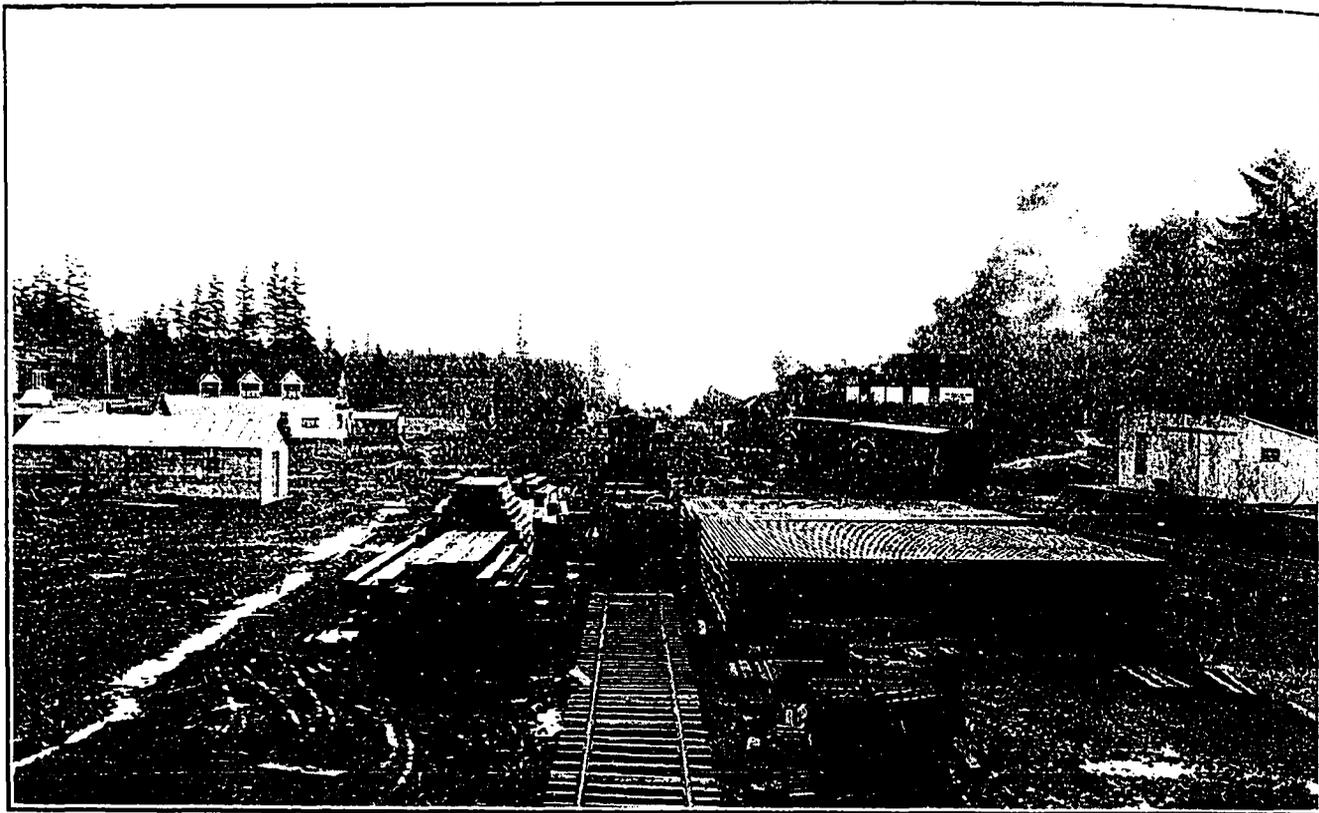
The snow comes about the middle of November, to be melted away again at the lower end of the valley, but to stay in the greater portion of it. December, January and February are very much alike, cloudy with temperature around freezing point, and a heavy precipitation, broken occasion-

ally by cold clear spells, when the temperature may go down to 10 below zero, and very rarely to as low as 28 degrees below. The snowfall varies greatly from year to year, and in the different sections of the valley. At all points there is generally enough of it to make ideal sleighing from December 1 to the middle of March. Owing to the almost total absence of wind, except in May and June, the snow melts very slowly, about an inch per day, and is gone at any time from the middle of March to the 25th of April, depending a great deal on the amount to be melted. This does not apply to the lower twelve miles, where the ground becomes bare two or three weeks earlier.

Now, what can Pemberton Meadows grow? The finest potatoes in the world, and abundance of them, large as turnips, and always with a broad smile on their Irish mugs as they come out of the pot. If you don't believe this, come and see. No one has ever visited the valley but has gone away swearing by Pemberton spuds. The needy settlers are noted for their hospitality to strangers, but the secret of this is that the hungry visitor—and hungry he generally is after getting his inside shaken up over that Squamish trail—will eat nothing but the tempting tubers which cost the settler nothing but the labor of sticking the sets into the ground in any old way and digging up an abundant crop. And I may tell you it is a real treat and no



FIELD OF POTATOES AT PEMBERTON MEADOWS



RAILROAD YARDS AT NEWPORT

reluctant labor to dig Pemberton potatoes, the soil is so brittle and mellow and the yellow beauties come rolling out bright and clean, a delight to the eye, some of them one, two, three, four, five pounds, say, even six and seven pounds in weight, always the expectation of coming on a bigger one, like looking for the big nugget in placer mining.

With reasonable care and cultivation, an average acre can be made to produce fifteen tons, and it is no exaggeration to say that twenty-five tons are possible, in fact, it has been already done. Undoubtedly, potatoes will figure prominently in the future development of this district.

Turnips also do remarkably well, are of immense size and excellent juicy quality. The same may be said of carrots. First-class oats are grown, going from 38 to 40 lbs. to the bushel, and yielding heavily. On the higher, compact, rather sandy land, wheat equal to the best prairie article is produced, which is no vain boast, but the dictum of prairie men themselves. Winter wheat and winter rye have been tried with success, also alfalfa. The lower land of fine texture will yield from three to four tons of timothy and clover hay to the acre. It is, par excellence, a clover country, and this is saying a great deal nowadays when this crop enters so largely into the scientific rotation practiced by modern farmers. Once the clover plant is fairly established it is perennial until ploughed under, for, pro-

tected by a mantle of snow during the winter months, it incurs no risk of being heaved by frost, so common an occurrence in cold countries not blessed with a good covering of snow. Garden truck of all kinds does remarkably well. Watermelons, squashes and pumpkins ripen. Sweet corn can be depended on to add a succulent morsel to the larder in September, and tomatoes grow in great profusion, though they do not ripen very well. Field corn is regularly grown and matures on the Indian reserve.

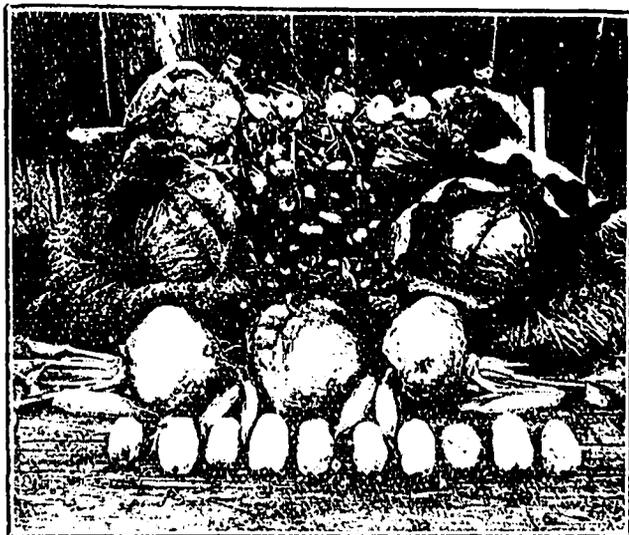
It is a wonderful country for small fruits. Currant bushes year after year are borne to the ground overloaded with fruit. And as for strawberries, the rows in fruiting season become brilliant bands of red divided by narrower strips of green. It is safe to say that along with potatoes, small fruit will yet make the valley famous.

There is no certainty as yet that apple growing will be a commercial success, but from the little experimenting already done, it seems certain that on the higher, well-drained, sandy lands, varieties such as Duchess, Yellow Transparent, Wealthy, Fameuse and a few other hardy kinds can be made to produce fruit of a very high quality. Large quantities of plums and some pears are harvested yearly at the Indian Reserve, and it would not be at all surprising if down there in the neighborhood of Lillooet Lake grapes and peaches

may yet be raised in favorably situated spots.

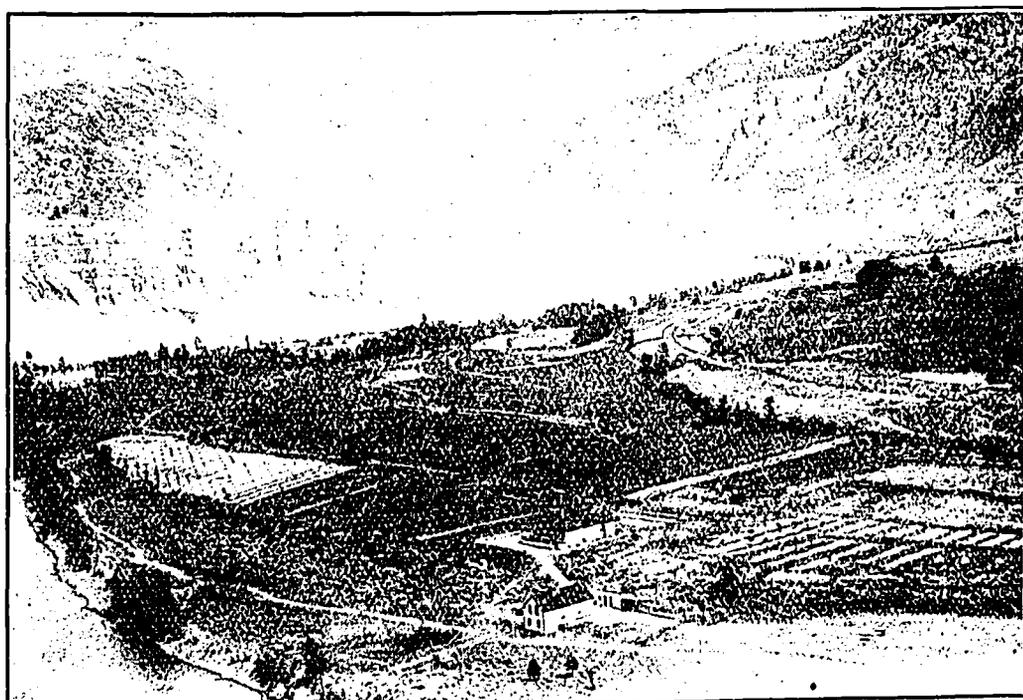
Very little farming is done in the valley now because through lack of transportation produce cannot be disposed of. But wait till the railroad comes! Then Ashcroft will have to look to its laurels, and Chilliwack and the lower Fraser generally will have a worthy rival in the small fruit business. Then Pemberton Meadows will indeed be a good place for the farmer to live in, good for his pocket book, for, depend upon it, the wealth is in the soil ready to be dug up, good for his health, for, hidden snugly away among the mountains, remote from the tainted atmosphere of towns and cities, the valley has the purest air, free from smoke and disease germs, and there is no excessive heat or cold biting winds.

So far for his material welfare! What of his spiritual? No man can live for very long in the midst of such sublime scenery as meets the eye on all sides in this beautiful valley without being struck with the



VEGETABLES FROM NEWPORT'S HINTERLAND

idea that there is something more than mere matter behind it all, and that a Master Hand controls these stupendous forces of nature which we see grinding down these mighty mountains, filling in lakes and making smiling stretches of fertile lands wherein men may thrive and be happy.



BUTE RANCH, ASHCROFT, B. C.

With the Axe-men in British Columbia

By W. Hugh Etherton

THERE was little for the new man to do in winter on the Alberta 160-acre government "free farm," on his prairie homestead at Mannville, Northern Alberta. So, like most new settlers short of coin, he migrated to British Columbia in search of work and milder weather, till spring would return to the farm.

After some six hundred miles colonist train-journeying from Northern Alberta to Southern British Columbia, Nelson was reached in December, 1908.

Myself, the new-man, the embryo Albertan farmer, engaged here to journey to a wild logging camp thirteen miles from the little town and station of Sandon in the Boundary country, by Arrow Lakes—engaged, I say, to be a swamper; in other words an axe-man, at \$8.25, or 34 shillings, a week, with board and lodging.

On the train were three other "lumber-jacks" or axe-men bound for the same logging town of Sandon. The new man bundled out his blankets from the train at Sandon and made for the nearest hotel; it was too late to start for the camp that day, the time being now about 6 p.m.

A loggers' hotel! What a tall, wild, wicked-looking man the proprietor seemed! And his wife was there also. There were other "hotels" in Sandon, all with open doors for the loggers, the lumber-jacks, the cedar-savages of British Columbia. We were proffered free drinks by the "boss," who made it clear that *this* was a logging-town indeed. Mine was one whisky, and only one. Who that has traversed the wilds of British Columbia, midst its snow-capped mountains, its pine and cedar forests, its snow waist-deep valleys, has not met the axe-man, the lumber-jack, the modern Thor, the spendthrift, laughing, reckless and brave boys who wield the double-headed "Methodist" axe, the cant-hook and cross-cut saw of the mountains?

Next morning I was early astir, and with the other "jacks" hit the trail for Pattison's camp, thirteen miles away. First we

crossed the little bridge spanning a mountain torrent on the outskirts of the town, and so, struggling up through the pines, midst snow and ice, rocks and boulders, we skirted along the slopes of the mountain trail. Every once in a while masses of snow fell from trees around us, dislodged by the wind. Now we passed a log hut, the home of a pre-emptor, or British Columbia settler. It was mid-winter, and so far the weather was quite mild, despite the heavy snow. As usual in British Columbia, the trail seemed ever up hill and down dale, with few straight roads; often we paused in this vast forest, the home of panther or mountain lion, lynx and bear, to observe the effects of snow forms on tree and mountain, to hear the far-off ripple of a mountain creek, whose waters perhaps rolled over nuggets of gold. Everywhere were huge tree trunks, their gaunt roots crossing and re-crossing the trail—trees, trees, monarchs of the wilds: the spell of the woods was over us. We were already "lumber-jacks," wild men of the woods, men who had answered the call. Our thirteen-mile goal was reached at sundown.

At Camp 2 we were each given an axe and entered on the books as swampers.

This logging camp was a community in itself, a community of cabins—each had his own log home: the time-keeper, the foreman, the cooks, the blacksmith, the stable boss, the saw-filer, the loggers and the storekeeper, and there was a long log dining hall. What a home was this of the axemen! Here, by a foaming river, one felt like a prehistoric man entering his den, or like some far-off hairy Adam of early times.

It was a long rambling log building (logs of fifty feet in length), moss-covered, icicle-hung, snow-buried building. The door swung wide on its huge hinges, and a vision of "cedar-savages," axe-men of British Columbia, was before us. Clad in heavy mackinaw jackets, blue jerseys, red stockings and blue and red shirts, they sat on forms, or stood around on the roughest of

floors, or sprawled in the rudest bunks; the air was heavy with the odor of damp clothes, mitts, boots and socks drying before a huge stove. It was night, and the day's work in the woods was done! The boys were smoking, card-playing and telling yarns. I rolled into a bunk, as near the door as possible. At the far end of the "room" could be heard the swish, swish of two grindstones. Men were already re-grinding and filing their axes for tomorrow's work. I took mine down, and with a friendly "Jack" to turn, I touched it up, gave it that razor edge which the woodsman loves. There were a hundred men in the long cabin, from every part of the world. What tales they could tell! What realities, what immoralities, of the wild and woody West and other lands!

At 6 a.m. the bull-cook, lantern in hand, roused the boys; at 6.15 a.m. the gong clanged out the breakfast call. And such a breakfast! A real good one, such as a man could say would stay. At 6.45 the foreman yelled "Roll out!" and, axe in hand, cross-cut saw on shoulder, headed by the horses, which snaked out logs, etc., we made for the "tall timber" scene of our day's work. Soon on every side could be heard the crash of axes, the rasp of saws, the cries of "Timber!" (look-out) as a huge tree was about to fall. We swampers had dangerous work. Often a tree crashed and spent itself within a few feet of where we were at work cutting limbs and knots off a log with our axes. The sawyers would cut notches some five feet above ground in a suitable tree (a notch on both sides) and a spring-board would be inserted. On these boards each side sprang a lumber-jack, and with his cross-cut saw swiftly at work a tree four or five feet thick would be sawn through three parts or more. Then iron wedges were inserted, and, with taps of a sledge hammer, "she" crashed forward to the earth. The death of a great tree! With measuring rod in hand these sawyers sped along the fallen tree, measuring off logs, and again cutting them into suitable lengths for the lumber mills. After the sawyers came swampers, we who trimmed the logs of all limbs and knots, and surrounding underbrush, so that the teamsters, the log-snakers, the men with horses and chains, could hitch the latter on to these logs and drag them out. All day long logs were flying past us, dragged

through, under and over the brush and snow to the "road" by wonderfully strong, clever horses and teamsters, through a sea of stumps, jagged tree limbs and blinding snow, midst shouts and laughter, coarse jests and oaths. The men rode their logs like circus riders over the snow to the skid-ways, where the logs were loaded on sleds, and other teams galloped off with them to the river, where they would lie till the spring drive, the great event of the river hogs—or log-drivers.

Some logs lay buried in twenty feet of snow, and often too, in a maze of undergrowth, so that a swamper literally hewed his way to logs, often stumbling and bruising himself, and ever watchful of his razor-axe—that it did not strike his foot or hit his neighbor in this wild attack on wood. His rubber-booted feet, or someone else's, were his constant care. It took a first-class woodsman, a French-Canadian, to come through a winter's work scatheless and unhurt. One log-snaker was a veritable demon at his work, his horses too. They vanished through the jungle with logs at an incredible speed. A short, extremely broad man was he, with a massive head. Truly the mountains seem to draw to them the strongest and most powerful men. In world-wanderings I have met none bigger than those of British Columbia. There is a bond of sympathy between big mountains, big trees, huge rocks and great men. One draws the other.

After five hours' hewing and hacking, trimming logs, cutting "roads" for teams, chaining and rolling logs; we went home to dinner.

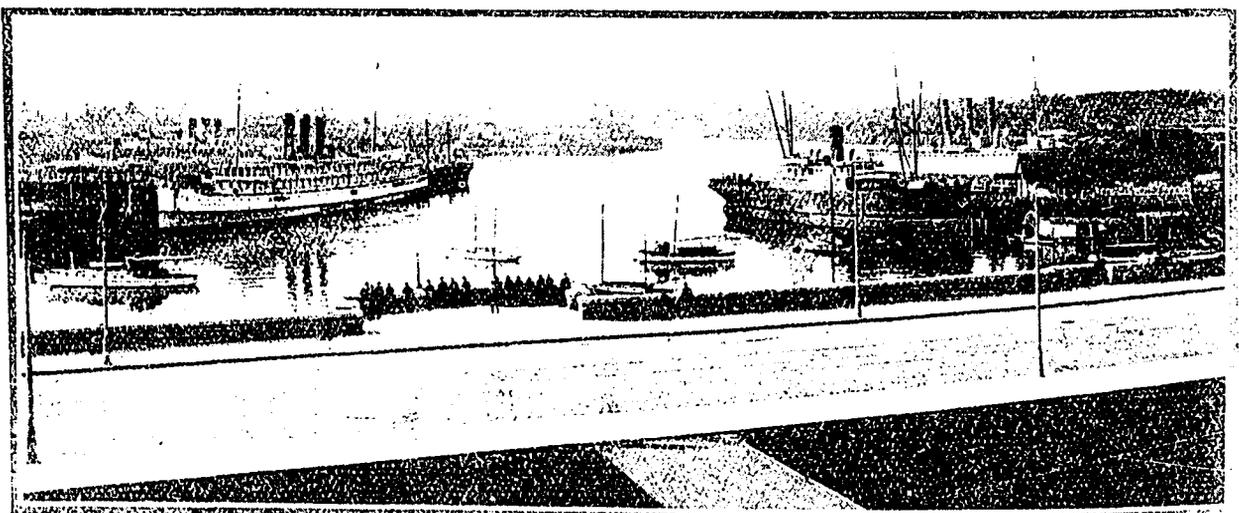
Few wash for the mid-day meal. There was no time, and besides, we wore mitts, and so hands kept clean. Anyhow, axe-men are loth to "waste water" over-much; a splash and wipe, a lick and promise, goes a long way with workers in this zero clime. Soup, beef, vegetables, pastry, all of the best; who could complain at the menu of such a dinner spread for the axe-men?

Our camp was hemmed in by mountains; we seemed out of the world. The ordinary man would feel amazed at first in such a centre of wood, the aim and object of this community. Men thought in wood; they talked "trees" after supper over their pipes, far into the night; they cavilled over the breadth, the height, the number, the strength of trees; they chewed the very

pine *gum raw* in the forests. It was an atmosphere of wood in which they breathed and moved. Truly a healthy spot, the forest, silent and stately, vast and mysterious, with its dim recesses and wild grandeur on every side.

The afternoon's work was a repetition of the morning's. This winter of 1908 was a cold one in British Columbia, over 20 degrees below zero. I remember when I swung an axe in the woods at Sandon, we could not stand still on a log long; to keep warm we needs must run its length once in a while ere we stopped to renew our attacks with the double-headers. The strongest men and the biggest usually were Swedes and Norwegians, Norsemen, veritable descendants of Odin and Thor, modern Vikings. At times the muscles of my arms seemed ready to burst through, the swing of the axe was so steady and strong. We were advised by old hands with a grin "never to drop the axe"—in other words, keep working. It was too dangerous to lay an axe down, and they easily get lost. That is the spirit which animates America and Canada, constant work, even to bursting

point. It is a fast continent in more ways than one, this Canada. Christmas was at hand, and this truly was the most natural spot, one would say, to spend it in. I thought so. Though I had spent other strange Christmases, one in an Australian goldfield town at 100 degrees in the shade, one off Valparaiso in a sailing ship, another on the bold Alberta prairie, yet this was the most ideal, midst giant "Christmas" trees, with an icicle-gabled and snow-clad log cabin, in which we partook of real turkey and pudding, etc., galore. It was a day of rest for the men. Few went to town; the old log cabin by the river was good enough for them. Where they hung their hats was home. On Sundays men washed clothes, or mended them, some went trapping, others played cards or read papers. Christmas or Sunday was like any other day, except that there was no company work to do in the woods. No one bothered about these men thirteen miles up the trail from Sandon; these axe-men, the "lumberjacks" of the forest camps of wild British Columbia.



VICTORIA HARBOR

The New Drydock at Esquimalt Harbor

THE problem of a country's defences is so intimately bound up with the well-being of every citizen that all matters relating to defence necessarily take on a national significance. Questions of this kind are removed from the scope of political controversy, and are separate and apart from local ambitions and desires. Whatever is best for the country is best for all, and in the selection of Esquimalt for a great government drydock, the decision was not only a wise one, but one which, in its widest significance, affected the Empire itself, as well as the Dominion of Canada and the Province of British Columbia.

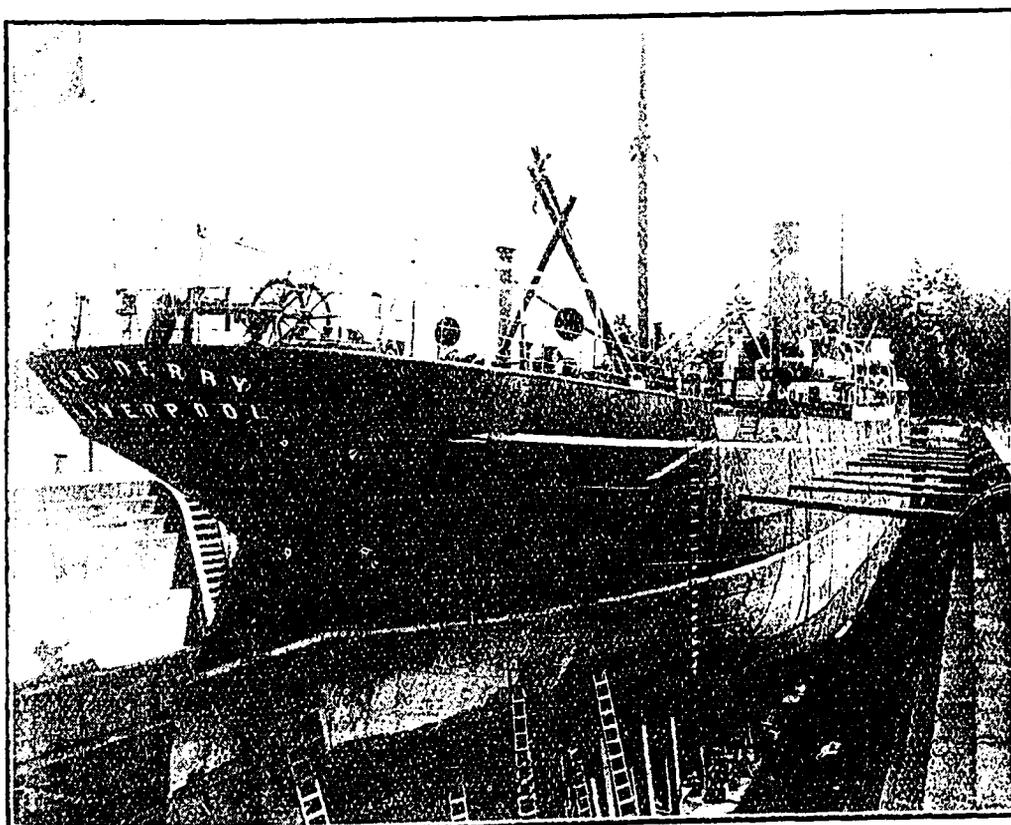
Naturally enough, there was rivalry between the two principal cities of the province, the same as there was rivalry in the selection of the site for the provincial university, but as the people of the capital city accepted with equanimity the decision of the commission to establish a university at

Vancouver, so, undoubtedly, will the result of the agitation for a drydock, now settled in favor of Victoria, be received in the same spirit by the people of the Terminal City.

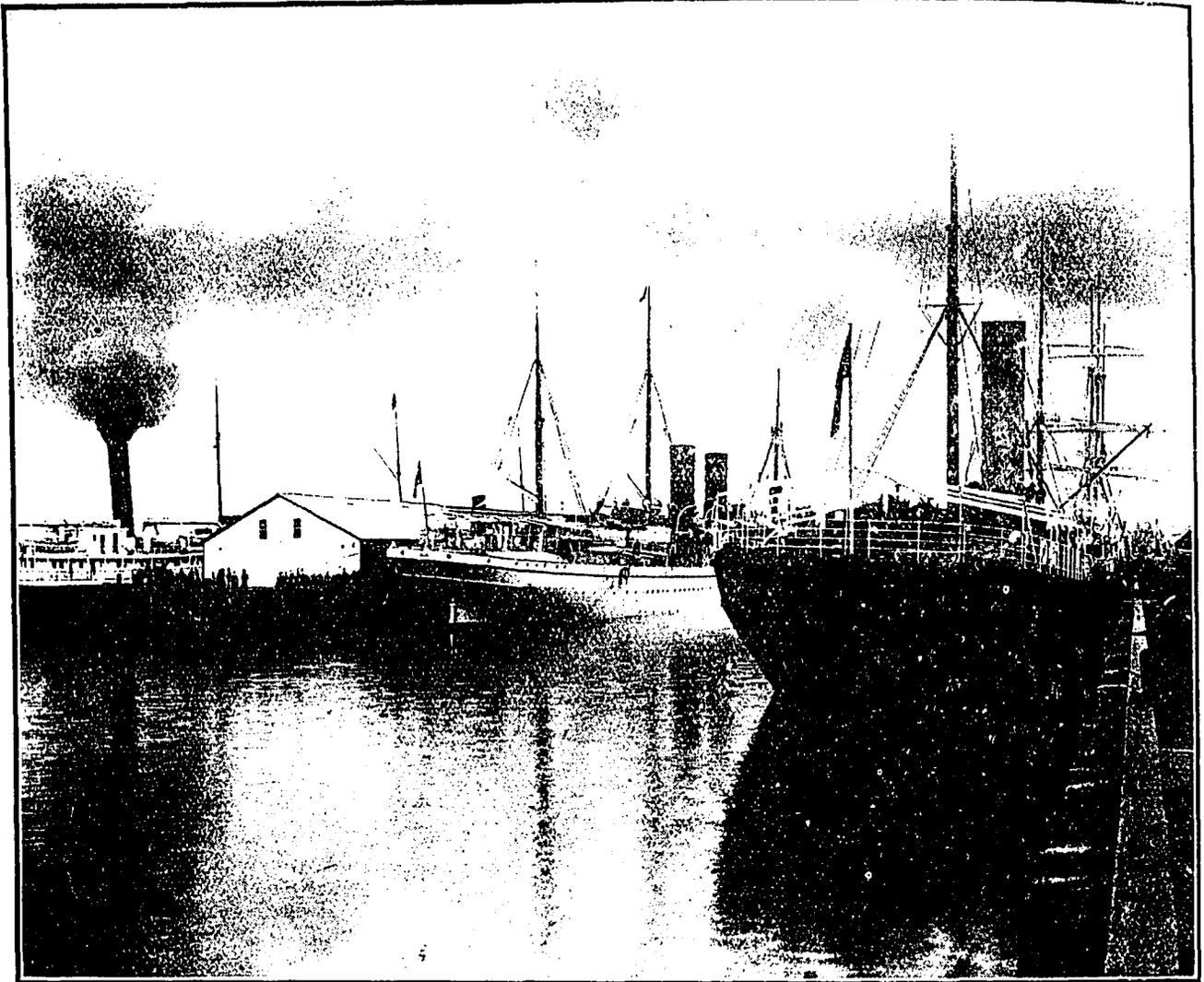
From a commercial standpoint, in years to come, other docks will undoubtedly be built at other parts in British Columbia; at present writing the fixing upon Esquimalt Harbor as the most suitable position for a drydock,

together with the other selections of Halifax and Quebec, as the points on the eastern coast of Canada for the installation of similar docks, fixes the status once more of Esquimalt's supremacy as a harbor.

Drydocks are no novelty to this harbor. There is one already established there, which has done a great deal of business commercially in the years since it was constructed. While it is only 450 ft. in length, with a width at the gates of 65 ft., and with a depth of water varying from 27 ft. to 29 ft. 6 in. at springs, according to the season of the year, it has been a most important and valuable adjunct to shipping from Victoria. Esquimalt means Victoria, as does Oak Bay, also both these municipalities being just across the street from Victoria proper. In time to come, it is believed shortly, both these municipalities will be united to Victoria and will make a



ESQUIMALT HARBOR DRYDOCK—THE LORD DERBY UNDERGOING REPAIRS



SHIPPING AT VICTORIA'S OUTER HARBOR

greater Victoria of something like 70,000 people, even from a present estimate.

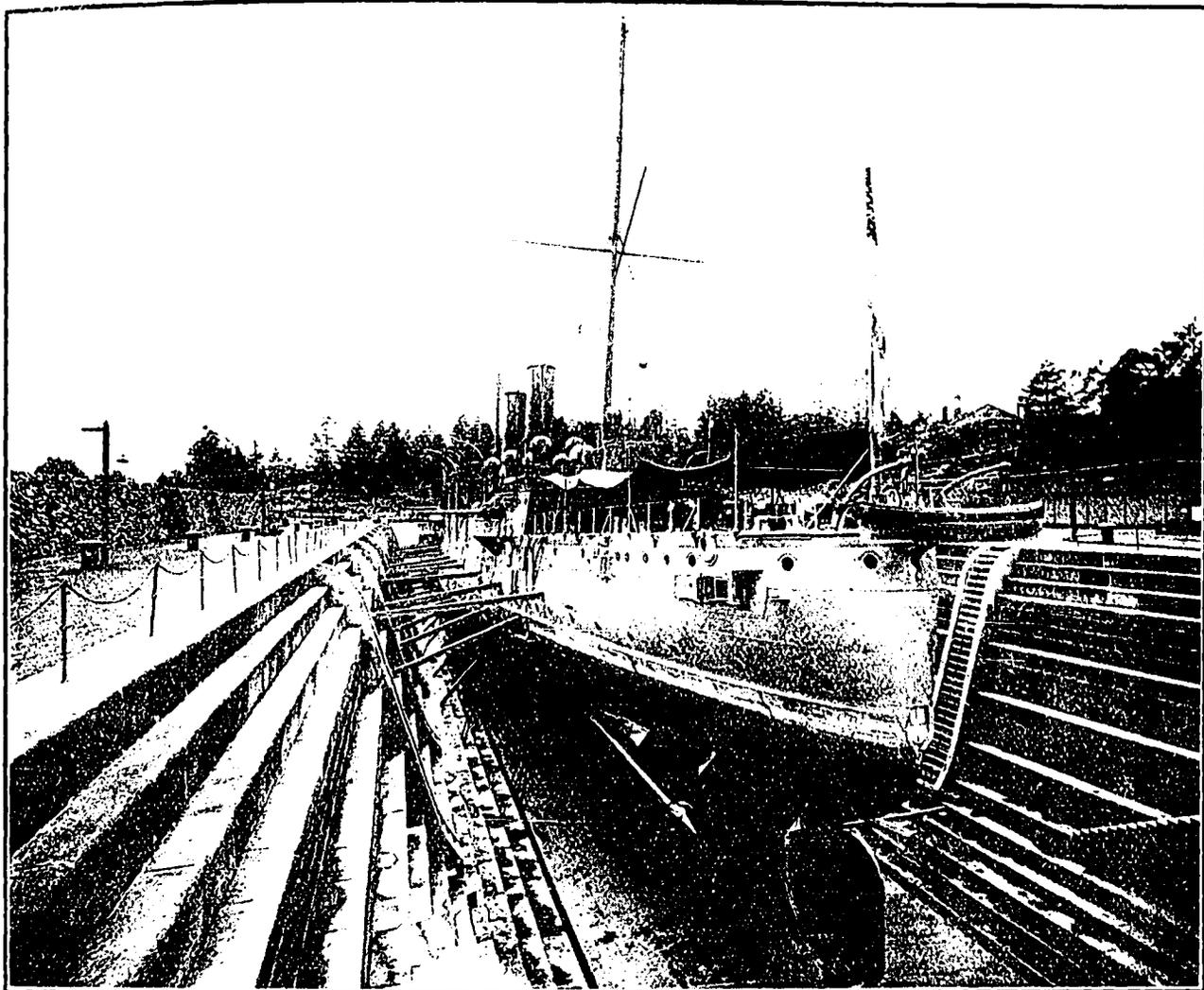
Esquimalt Harbor has been said by some naval experts to be the second finest harbor in the world, Sidney, N.S.W., being given the premier position of excellence. This opinion has doubtless been given by other experts on other harbors, and it is quite safe to assume that almost any country under the sun which does a large shipping business has several ports which are the finest and the next to the finest in Christendom. Pleasantries aside, however, Esquimalt Harbor is one to be reckoned with.

The fact of its being fortified by the British Government many years ago, and its selection as a naval base for the Empire, is one of several significant features pointing to its availability. A true land-locked harbor, and free from obstructions, shoals and rocks, it is roomy, deep and with bold shores, and possesses one of the finest entrances from the sea imaginable. Vessels can enter from the ocean roads during any kind of weather, either by day or night, by the use of the lead alone, and it can be

said, even in a spirit of ultra-caution, that Esquimalt Harbor is one of the very best harbors on the Pacific Coast.

Shipbuilding has been carried on at Esquimalt for years, and the recent turning-out of the "Princess Maquinna," one of the C. P. R. coast liners, from an Esquimalt shipbuilding yard is an indication as to what extent and importance the industry has attained there.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and the opening of the Panama Canal is going to mean a great deal for the Province of British Columbia and every city on the Pacific Coast of Canada. It will mean not only an increase in traffic, an increase in fleets, an increase in importance, but it will mean the necessity for repairs for all ships and fleets doing business along the Pacific Coast. South of the line these conditions are being prepared for at the expenditure of many millions of dollars. The Government's initiative with respect to a drydock at Esquimalt will prepare this part of the coast for the emergency. Aside from this, there is always the vast amount of shipping from the Orient to Victoria



A VESSEL IN THE PRESENT ESQUIMALT DRYDOCK

be considered, and with this new drydock established at Esquimalt, Victoria will be able to dock and repair the largest vessel afloat, and, in fact, several of the largest vessels, in the new drydock.

The dimensions of this drydock, as contemplated by the Dominion Government, are 1,150 feet in length, 110 feet at the gates and 35 feet of water over the sill; its comparative size to other great drydocks is one of the three largest in the world, the others being those to be established, as before stated, at Halifax and Quebec. The cost will approximate somewhere in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000 and the work will be done by the Dominion Government.

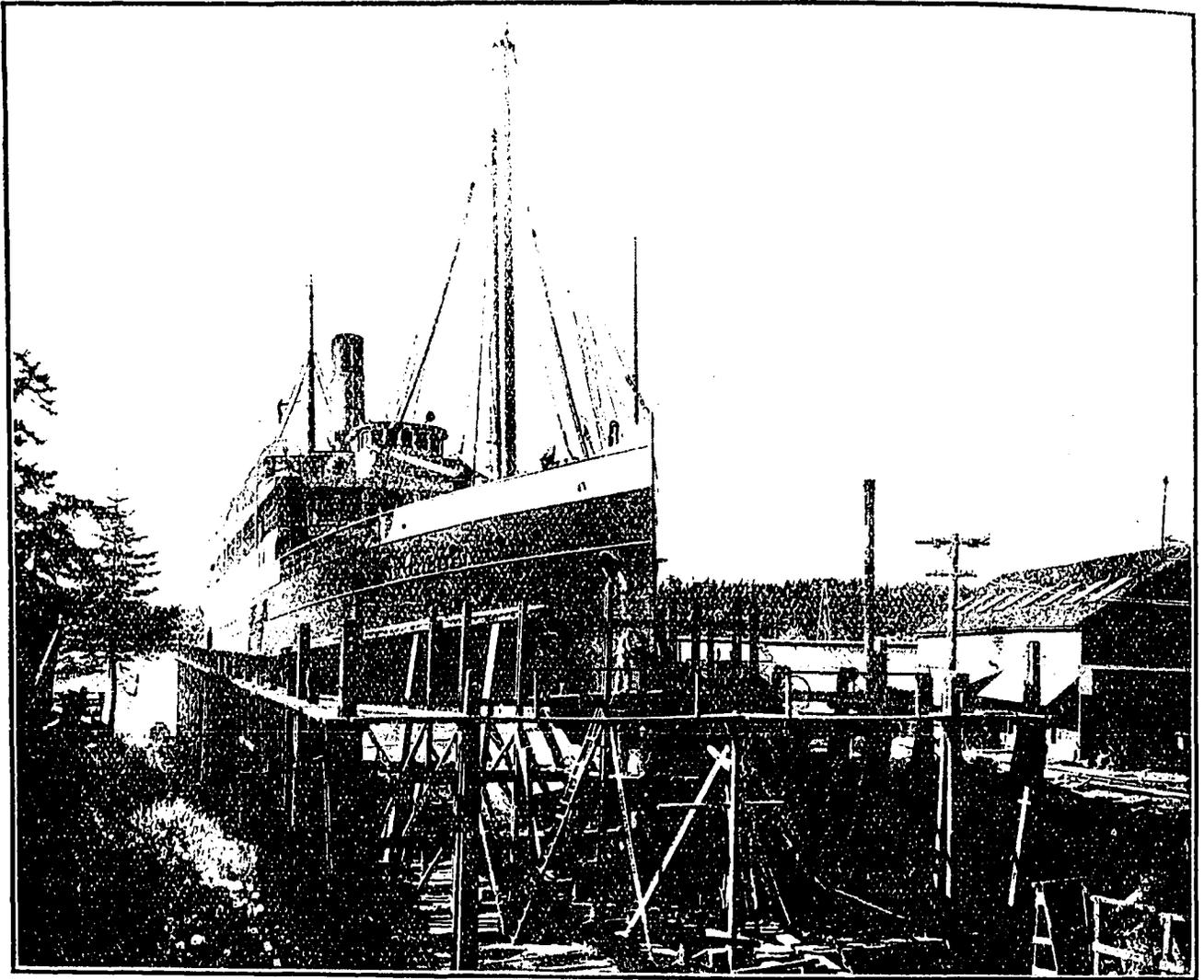
The fortifications at Esquimalt Harbor will probably be added to and enlarged to make the harbor as nearly impregnable as possible. When the Pacific fleet of the Empire is established in Canada, which will come in the course of events, Esquimalt Harbor will again be the naval base of the Empire in the western waters of North America, and the drydock will begin to play its part as an asset of the Empire from the standpoint of defence. This is not

speaking of the remote future, but of the inevitable future. The question of the supremacy of the British Empire is the question of her remaining the governing power on the great roadsteads of the various oceans. That supremacy is not alone in the number of ships and the weight of armament, the experience of her sailors or the bravery of her admirals,

“Peace hath her victories
No less than war”;

and the merchant marine of Great Britain has always played a most important part in the development of her greatness.

Thus the drydock at Esquimalt is destined to occupy the dual position of being a handmaiden both to the arts of peace and of war. Its first fruits will be borne in supplying an adequate and effective asylum for all ships needing repairs touching at Victoria. Victoria is the first and last port of call in Western Canadian waters and the leading port in tonnage of Canada. Her shipping is increasing steadily, and during the last four years her tonnage of vessels has increased from 4,826,769 tons in 1909



STEAMERS AT THE PLANT OF THE B. C. MARINE RAILWAY, ESQUIMALT HARBOR

to 9,046,113 tons in 1912, the tonnage in 1910 and 1911 amounting respectively to 5,673,697 and 7,307,274 tons. The import duties collected at Victoria have gone ahead steadily, and in 1912 amount to \$2,618,025.13.

The addition of numerous vessels to the coasting and foreign trade, and the constantly augmenting trade, both foreign and coastal, point to the inevitable increase in importance of Victoria as a shipping port.

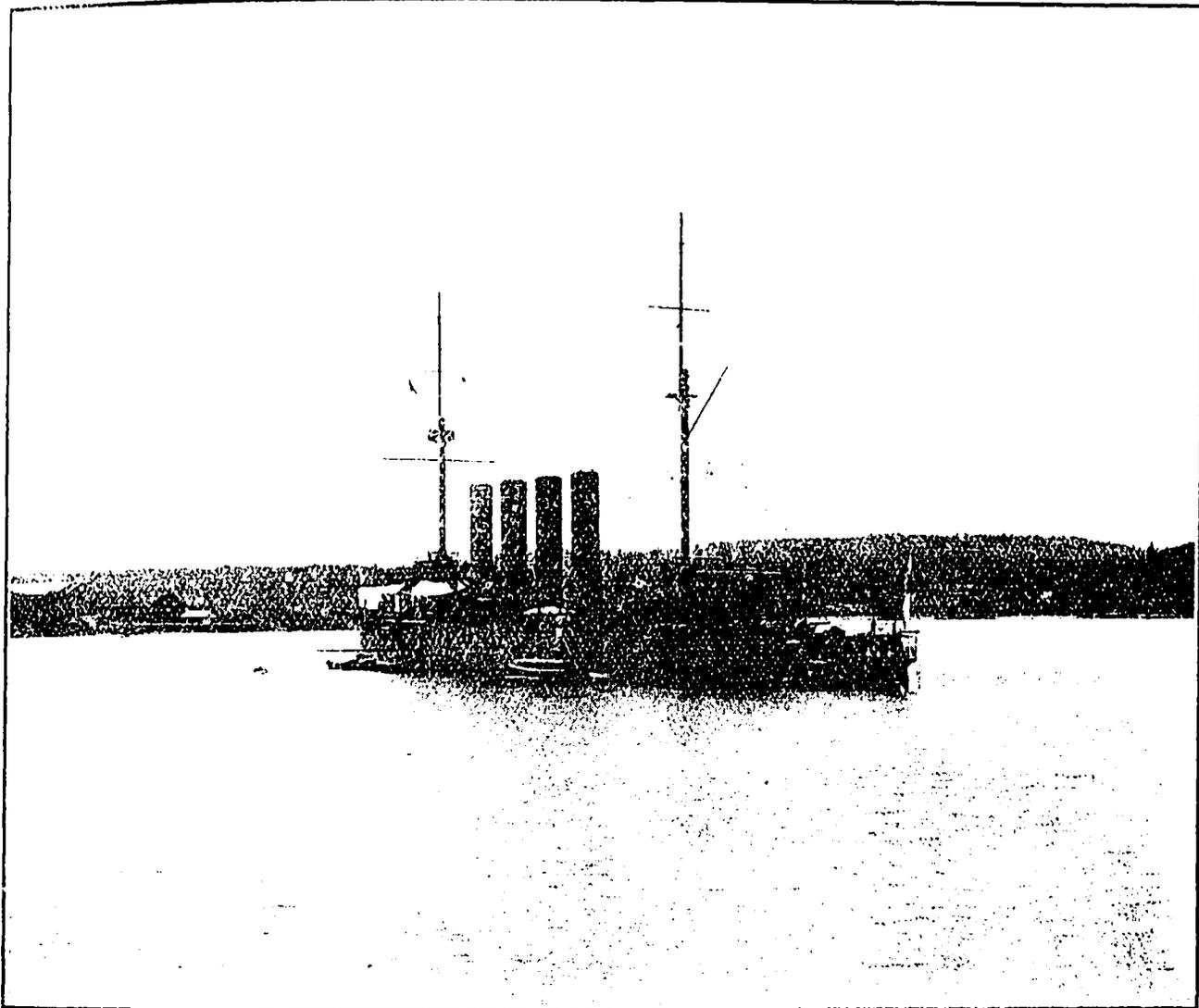
The present drydock at Esquimalt, while available for moderate-sized vessels, cannot accommodate those of the larger class, particularly the immense ocean liners and the vessels which have, heretofore, been compelled to seek other quarters for repairs. All this will be changed when the new drydock is built. Not only will this direct influence be effected by the erection of the drydock, but the trend of events in other countries establishes the fact that kindred activities follow in the line of such a development.

Shipbuilding, already going on at Esquimalt Harbor, will undoubtedly receive a practical and decided impetus as the result.

It is not too much to predicate that a large shipbuilding plant will follow the installation of the new drydock at this harbor. Conditions are admirable for such an enterprise, and Vancouver Island timber, iron, and copper, within striking distance of the scene of operations, render the accomplishment of such a project not only feasible, but comparatively simple. That a great shipbuilding plant will follow on the coming in of the drydock to Esquimalt Harbor is, therefore, not so much a matter of conjecture as a matter of reasonable anticipation.

The distance from Victoria to the British Isles has been reduced 6040 miles by the new route via the Panama Canal, and this means a tremendous saving of time in the rapid mobilization of a British fleet in the Pacific waters. How helpless such a fleet would be in the event of not having an adequate drydock for the repairing of vessels on the Pacific Coast can readily be imagined. This difficulty will be entirely removed by the new Dominion drydock, and the safety of such a fleet provided for, and its effectiveness rendered doubly secure.

Taken, therefore, from every considera-



ESQUIMALT HARBOR—WARSHIP AT ANCHOR

tion, both of commercial importance and national defence, the new drydock will be the most important step taken in Western Canada for the preservation of Great Britain's prestige on the Western Continent.

The very extensive and tremendously important improvements now being added to the Outer Harbor of Victoria by the Dominion Government, thereby fitting Victoria adequately to cope with its present increasing ocean traffic and the inevitable growth attendant upon the opening of the Panama Canal, will add largely to the custom of the new drydock. Many vessels which have hitherto been compelled to go to the States for repairs will be docked here in the future, and that the capacity of this dock, extensive as it will be, will be prac-

tically taxed to the utmost to furnish berthing for ships undergoing repairs admits of no doubt.

The project of this drydock at Esquimalt Harbor has been one which the entire city of Victoria and every public institution has been urging for years. The city and the citizens, naturally, experience a solid satisfaction in seeing their efforts crowned with success. They believe that this move on the part of the Government will result not only in good for Victoria and over all the Island, but will redound to the benefit of every coastal city in British Columbia.

The illustrations accompanying this article are from photos by Fleming Bros., Victoria.

Ernest McLaughlin

Port Moody's Bright Future

By Harold V. Millington

THE growth of cities in Western Canada and the frequency with which a tiny settlement, hidden away in the wilds, will leap into prominence and fame in the space of a few weeks are phenomena that have been the wonder and amaze of the people of the Old World. Our history is full of instances where towns have sprung up practically overnight and have leaped into fame with a rapidity astonishing in its suddenness. It is as though the hand of Providence had leant down and decreed that a city should spring up where before was virgin soil, and a city has then arisen.

The most recent star on the geographical firmament of British Columbia, though not classed in the above category, is nevertheless another wonderful example of the manner in which towns of yesterday have been converted into cities of today. At the head of Burrard Inlet, one of the most wonderful natural harbors of the world, Port Moody has been gradually, but very

gradually, building up for itself a reputation as a thriving port with an abundant supply of lumber in its vicinity and a prosperous timber industry that has slowly increased as the years went by. Port Moody has been known for years past, but to those who have not acquainted themselves with the geography of this section of British Columbia it was merely a name, a sleepy town with no history and no apparent future.

Scarcely a year ago, however, Port Moody began to spring into prominence. Meteoric was its incursion into the public glare, and soon there came the somewhat startling news that the town was asking for incorporation as a fully fledged city.

Early this year Port Moody reached the first step in its rapid upward career. Its petition for a charter was granted by the provincial government, and in April the first municipal elections were held. Since that time, though little development has been possible in the city, yet from outside sources have come news of impending developments and of industries shortly to be located on the harbor that have made Port Moody the most-talked-of town in the whole of the West.

For several years Port Moody was buoyed up by the belief that the C. P. R. would decide upon locating their mammoth grain elevators on the waterfront, and after a survey made by the railroad officials, and a report to headquarters that the city offered desirable sites for the erection of these great industries, a strong faith was built up that at last Port Moody was about to come into her own.

When the members of the Grain Commission visited Vancouver for the purpose of ascertaining which locality on Burrard Inlet or along the Fraser Valley offered the best site for the erection of the proposed Government's Pacific Coast elevator, Port Moody was again placed largely before the public eye as a competitor with eleven other municipalities. The representatives



COL. MOODY, R. E., AFTER WHOM PORT MOODY IS NAMED

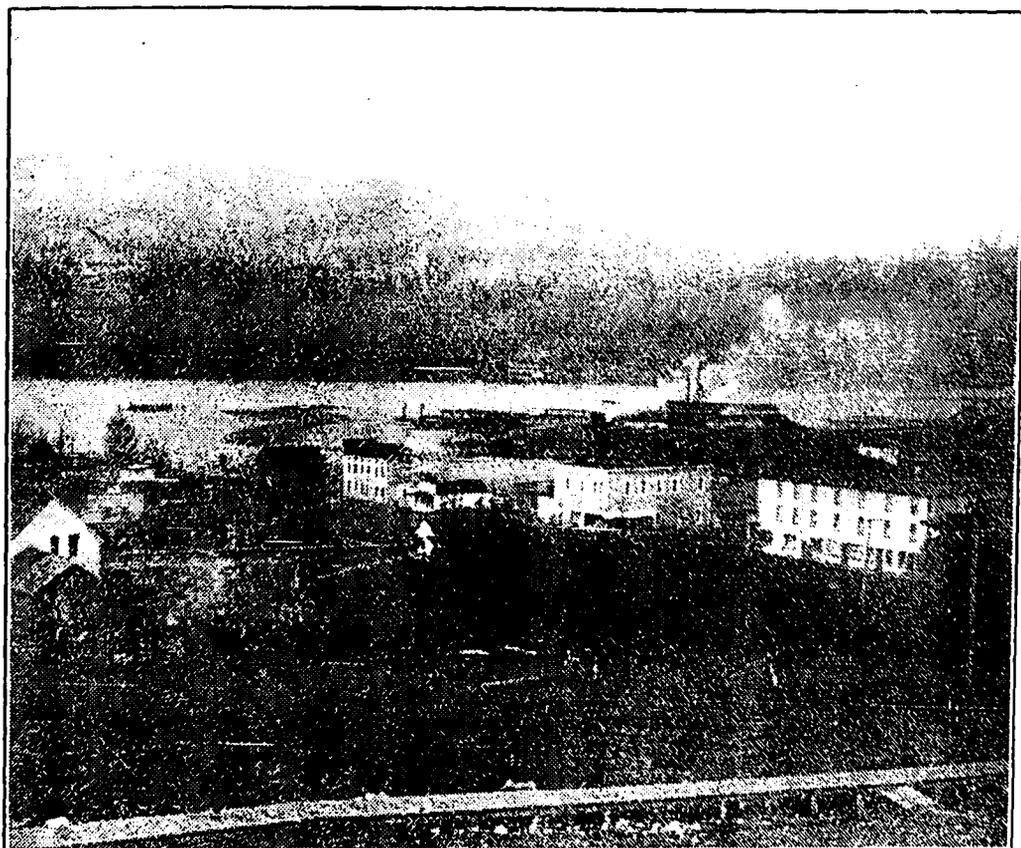
of Greater Vancouver made a trip to Ottawa, and presented to the commissioners the twelve sites proposed, and it was not long before the news was flashed to Vancouver that Port Moody had won out of twelve, and that the commissioners favored that city as the site for the government elevator which would have a capacity of three million bushels, and which would cost two and a half million dollars to erect.

Both the C. P. R. and the government had readily recognized the advantages that Port Moody had to offer, and it is interesting to observe by what process of deduction they had come to the conclusion that Port Moody was more favorable to them than were any other sites either on Vancouver's great harbor or on the Fraser Valley.

FIRST WESTERN TERMINUS

Let us take a cursory glance at its history. More than forty years ago Port Moody was chosen by the C. P. R. as its first western terminus. This was at a time when Vancouver was practically unknown, and was yet in a completely undeveloped state. Money was scarce, even with railroads in those days, and an offer of a vast tract of land, free, was an inducement that even so great an enterprise as the C. P. R. could not well afford to overlook. Vancouver made a high bid to the C. P. R. They offered 8,000 acres to the C. P. R. to move their terminus further west, and this offer was sufficient to induce the C. P. R. to extend their line and leave Port Moody behind.

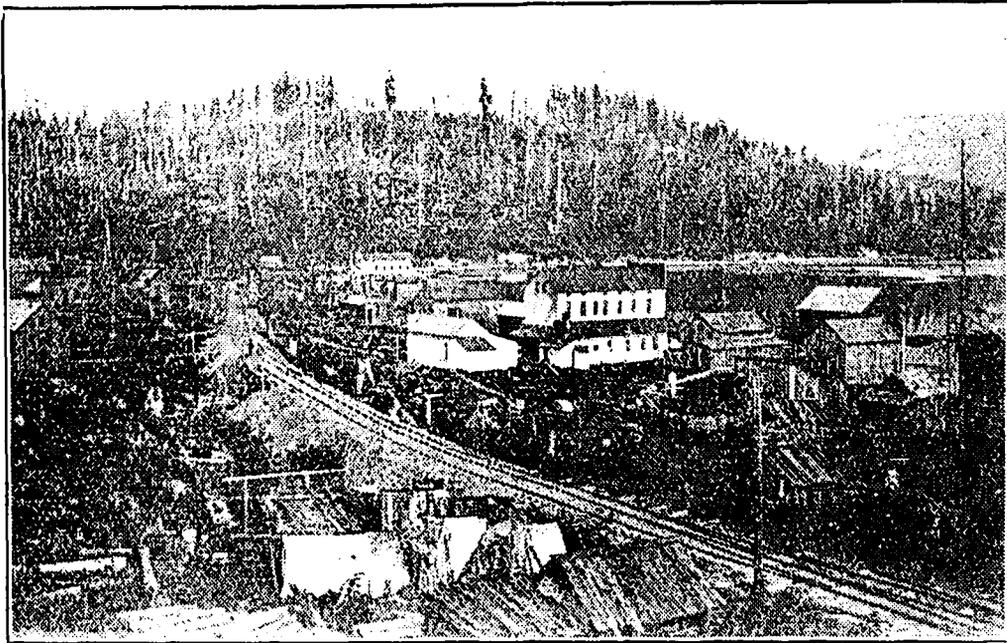
Port Moody, however, was not deterred by its first apparent setback. A number of pioneer settlers had come into the town on the first whisper that the railroad had



EIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PORT MOODY

entered. Immigrants discovered that in Port Moody the C. P. R. had chosen a town located at the head of a magnificent deep-water harbor, with sufficient lumber in the surrounding territories to keep the residents of even a large city busily employed for many years to come. It was not long before Port Moody became known far and wide as a prominent lumber settlement, and shrewd lumbermen who recognized a brilliant future ahead of the city began to build up for themselves a lumber business. They were not mistaken in their choice, for at the present day few of the early settlers in Port Moody who had embarked on their career in those early days but can now contemplate a rich harvest from the lumber resources of the city.

For many years after this time Port Moody remained in a position of quiescence, and in fact it was not until word was first given out that the opening of the Panama Canal would revolutionize the trade routes of the world and that the vast produce of the middle western prairies, as well as the fifty-seven million acres of Peace River country, would be shipped to the Pacific Coast, that people began to realize that Port Moody would soon be an important city that would have to be reckoned with in the near future.



PORT MOODY IN 1883

As the first point touched when the C. P. R. reached tide-water, at the junction of the north and south shores of one of the world's most wonderful harbors, in the heart of a magnificent lumber belt, with, possibly, illimitable mineral wealth hidden away in the mountains, Port Moody was looked upon as one of the coming cities of the West.

Port Moody stands in the same position today that Vancouver occupied a few years back. The best part of the land has been entirely cleared, and at the back of the city are still many forests of lumber. There are few towns so well endowed by nature as to form a central pivot on both sides of a great harbor, on both shores of which industries have been and are now being erected. As Port Moody cannot, on account of the high elevation of the land to the south of the town, develop in that direction, its extensions will be along its north shore and on both sides of the head of the Inlet. The city is triangular in shape, with the prospect in every direction of future development. Its close proximity to Vancouver gives it a number of splendid advantages. It is twelve miles from the parent city by rail, road or water. Vancouver's development can only be in the direction of Port Moody. Vancouver cannot grow west because of the Pacific Ocean. It cannot grow north because of Burrard Inlet, and it cannot grow far south because of the Fraser Valley. It can only grow in an easterly direction, towards Port Moody.

A trip along Burrard Inlet as far as Port Moody will be a revelation to those who have not realized the importance of the locality at the junction of the two shores. Vancouver's waterfront is now more than choked up. Mills and other industries abound on the south shore, and further east the precipitous nature of

the hills forbids the possibility of industries being located on the waterfront. It is not until Port Moody is reached, and the vast area of splendid industrial sites is opened out to view, that one can realize the great importance of this city which has every prospect of becoming one of Vancouver's industrial adjuncts.

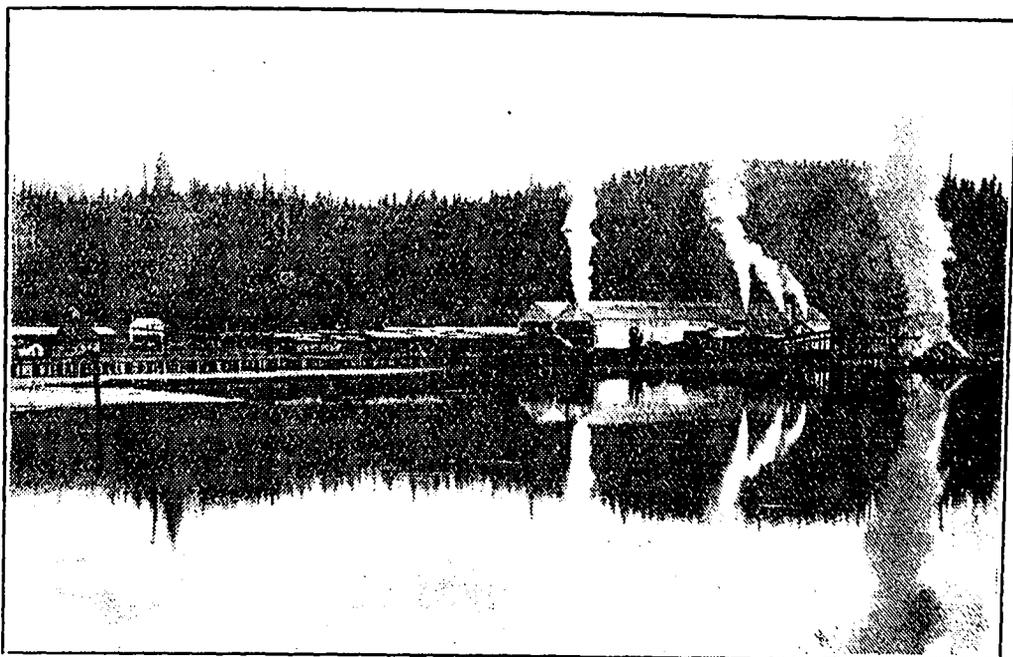
During the past few months news of many new industries coming to Port Moody have revealed the fact that the city is becoming more and more recognized as a port where splendid locations may be given the intending manufacturer.

RAILWAYS

The C. P. R. has for long been preparing the city of Port Moody for the added stimulus to trade that will soon be coming to its shores. On the south shore the work of double-tracking is complete, and the first train has already run on this track. On the north shore steel has already been laid for a distance of five miles from the head of the Inlet, and it is expected that before the end of this year the line will be in operation. It is expected that later, if the North Arm of the Inlet is bridged, this north shore line will be extended and will run right into North Vancouver, thus completing a link from Port Moody to the cities on both sides of the Inlet.

The B. C. Electric Railway are now hard at work completing their new line for their subsidiary railway, the Port Moody and Coquitlam Railway, which will run from Port Moody to Lake Coquitlam, a distance of nine miles to the north. This

line will be largely used for conveying timber from the surrounding district into the city, to be hewn in the mammoth lumber mills. The B. C. Electric are also now at work constructing a new wharf on the north shore, and work on this is being hastened with the utmost expedition.



WATERFRONT AND MILLS AT PORT MOODY

The Western Canada Power Co. have also announced that at an early date they will construct a line into the city, and an agitation is now on foot to have direct tram-car connection between Port Moody and Vancouver.

A WONDERFUL HARBOR

Port Moody can boast of a harbor unexcelled by any other on the British Columbia coast. Moreover, its waters are navigable all the year round. A considerable amount of dredging, as well as reclamation of tide-flats, will have to be undertaken before the harbor is ready to accommodate the fleet of ships which are logically due to be seen at that port before many months have passed. On the south shore the Dominion government recently completed its new wharf, and here are valuable tide-flats which, when reclaimed, would offer magnificent sites for intending manufacturers and industries. At the head of the Inlet it is proposed to dredge out the sand deposits which have probably come down from the adjacent mountains, and with these two projects complete splendid facilities will be offered for the construction of the new C. P. R. wharf, plans of which have already been drawn up. With the tide-flats reclaimed on the south shore, the C. P. R. will be able to run a direct line from their present depot to the head of the Inlet, the existing line taking a somewhat circuitous route.

Perhaps one of the largest projects that have yet been mooted for the linking up of

Port Moody with the vast hinterland of the Fraser Valley and surrounding territory is that of the proposed \$5,000,000 canal between Port Moody and the Pitt River. The matter has already been brought to the notice of the Shipmasters' Association, the various boards of trade and civic councils of the surrounding municipalities, and engineers have drawn up extensive plans for this great scheme, of which more will probably be heard in the near future.

The day of Western Canada has only just begun. What the opening of the Panama Canal will mean to western cities cannot be even faintly imagined by the most optimistic. That the trade routes of the world will be entirely altered no one can gainsay. Port Moody, as much as any other city on the American continent, will receive an added impetus when the canal opens. The Pacific Coast will in future trade with Europe, whereas in the past the Atlantic cities have been trading. The waters of the Pacific are navigable all the year round. Eastern cities cannot claim the same advantage. When the Hudson's Bay is frozen over and the St. Lawrence River bars the passage of vessels, the Pacific will be sailing her fleets of ships carrying the produce of the western prairie to Europe and the Antipodes. Prairie farmers will no longer have the difficulty to encounter of moving their grain, while the railroads will no longer have the complaint of a blockade. A good illustration may be had from the following table of the untold advantages

the opening of the Panama Canal will have to Port Moody.

DIFFERENCE IN DISTANCES BY SHIPMENT
EAST AND WEST

	Miles
Calgary to Fort William.....	1,260
Calgary to Port Moody.....	632
Saving by shipment to Port Moody	628
Moose Jaw to St. John.....	2,393
Moose Jaw to Port Moody.....	1,073
Saving by shipment to Port Moody	1,320
Edmonton to Fort William.....	1,457
Edmonton to Port Moody.....	719
Saving by shipment to Port Moody	738

The all-water route between London and Port Moody will thereby be reduced from 14,200 miles to 8,500 miles. It will readily be seen why Port Moody will be the logical outlet for the many bushels of grain which will be shipped to this coast.

A mistaken impression seems to be abroad that after the Second Narrows have been passed the water at the east of the harbor becomes too shallow for traffic. This is decidedly contrary to the facts, however. In the middle of the Inlet, between the north and south shores, soundings have been made for a considerable distance, and thirty feet of water is the average depth that has been found there. At the head of the Inlet the water is more shallow, and this fact is in itself of immense benefit, as it makes an ideal place for the building of a harbor.

THE CITY'S INDUSTRIES

Besides Port Moody's far-famed lumber industries, it also has a splendid oil refinery, where oil is shipped to the city from various parts of California. A large sand and gravel company has been established in the city, which can also boast of having the largest combined lumber and shingle mill in the whole of Canada.

Plans are now under way for the establishment of a large zinc smelter in the city, and with its erection the city will have the first smelter of its kind to be established in the Dominion of Canada. Two new shingle mills are about to be erected in the city, and announcement has already been made of other large industries which will be located there.

Though the roads in Port Moody are naturally hilly, yet great efforts are now being made to improve them, and the city

council has big schemes under way for grading new roads and paving some of the main thoroughfares. A main thoroughfare direct from Vancouver, probably into New Westminster, will later be constructed. John street, which is one of the chief highways of Port Moody, stretches for several miles east, and will shortly be a part of the Pacific Highway, Clark street, which is the chief thoroughfare, runs almost direct into Vancouver and is in reality a continuation of Hastings street running through Burnaby and then on past Barnet into Port Moody.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is at present the only line serving Port Moody, but there is every reason to suppose that other lines will later be coming into the city. The members of the grain commission recently stated that both the P. G. E. and the C. N. R. would be allowed running rights over the C. P. R.'s tracks into Port Moody, provided, of course, that the railway commissioners were agreeable. There is also little doubt but that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Northern Pacific Railway will at a later date be entering Port Moody.

PORT MOODY'S HISTORY

The early history of Port Moody reads like a romance of wonderful splendid growth and achievement. It is not long ago that the cougar, the bear and the Redskin roamed unchallenged over the plains, and when wild fowl and beasts were the occupants of the land. The Redskin inhabited these parts and fought the four elements in a terrific struggle for life and liberty. The Indian is now relegated to a reserve to the west along the north shore, and on the land on which he once dwelt supreme have sprung up industries which bear testimony to the hand of civilization.

Port Moody was first settled by Colonel Moody, after whom the city was named. He was the first pioneer to enter the new town, which was then practically unknown. It was in 1879 that the C. P. R. named Port Moody as its western terminus, and in 1885 the first passenger train entered the city. The first large lumber industry in the town was started when the Burrard Inlet Red Cedar Lumber Co. was formed. It had a chequered career, however, the mill passing into several different hands, and was eventually burned down, but was

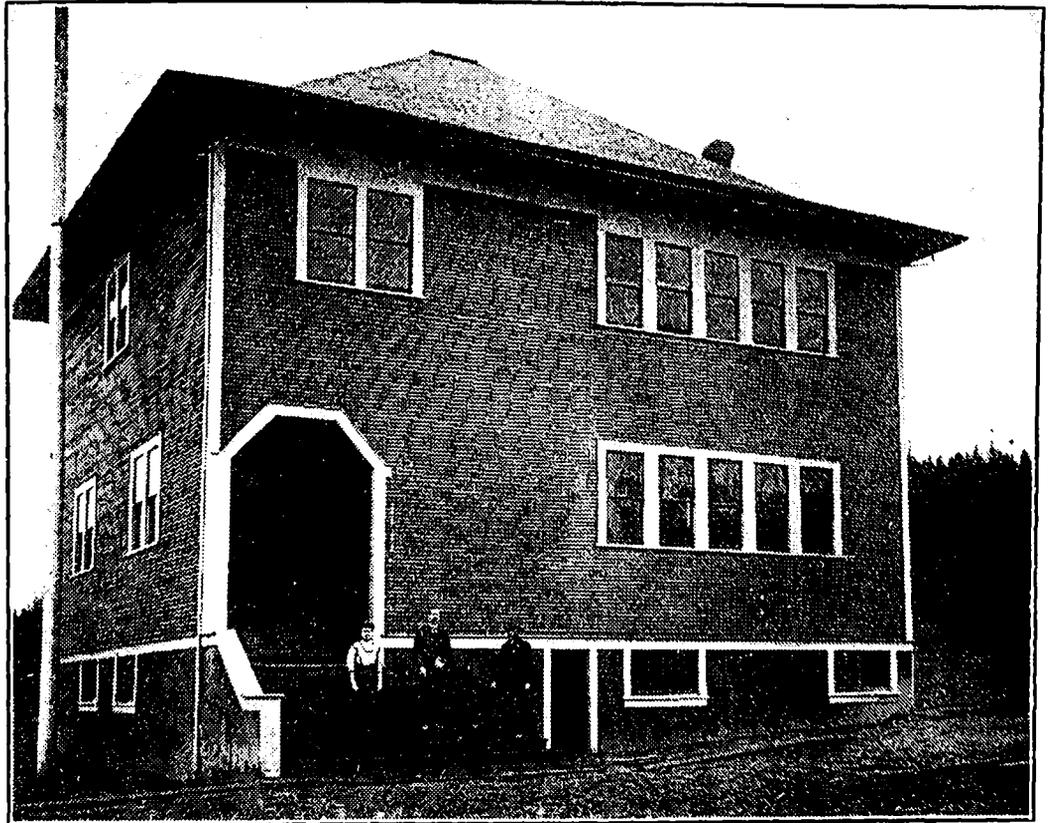
later rebuilt and finally sold to the C. P. Lumber Co. In 1906 Mr. J. H. McLean started a shingle mill, and a little over a year ago the famous Emerson Lumber Company's mills were sold out to the Thurston-Flavelle Lumber Co. for a consideration of more than \$600,000. Other large industries entered the city, following the success of the first venture, and at the present time sites have

already been cleared for two more large mills on the north shore.

A good residential city, with many natural resources is the city that intending investors continually have in their mind's eye. A town where the growth is assured and where it is backed up by industries is the place where a home stake may be planted. Port Moody has all these advantages. It has enterprize, industry, and a fine location, railroads running in, and others yet to come. Its hopes are centred in the immediate future. Its foundations have already been laid, and the seed of its growth has already been planted.

CITY'S BRIGHT FUTURE

When the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, was last in Vancouver, he made one of the most flattering remarks regarding Port Moody that it has ever been the lot of the city to hear. He referred to it as "the husky boy" with a brilliant future ahead of it. "The Panama Canal," he said, "will undoubtedly do much for Port Moody, but it is out of my province to even faintly conjecture the full extent of the activities that will be seen when the great waterway is completed. I have absolutely no doubt whatever but that with the opening of the Panama Canal, Port Moody will see such an influx of trade



PORT MOODY SCHOOLHOUSE

to its shores the like of which has not been seen by any other city of its size on the western coast. After the city has been duly incorporated with its own mayor and council there is the prospect for a bright future ahead of it. The opening of the Panama Canal will mean that many million bushels of grain from the prairies, as well as the entire produce of the vast untapped Peace River country, will be routed to Port Moody, the original terminus of the C. P. R."

Not less striking and optimistic is the prediction of Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., who said of Port Moody: "With the opening of the Panama Canal there will be gigantic developments taking place along the shores of Vancouver's harbor, and before very long there will undoubtedly be a long line of bustling industries stretching from the city and along both shores as far as Port Moody. I am of opinion that a great future is in store for Port Moody, for it has shown a wonderful growth during the past few years, and nothing can now hinder it from becoming one of the great shipping centres on the Pacific coast. It is located at a particularly advantageous point, and when the grain from the Prairie West is shipped to the coast Port Moody will be one of the busiest

cities in British Columbia. Its natural resources alone are sufficient to ensure for it a great future, for its lumber and shingle mills are of a kind that can hardly be duplicated in the whole of Canada. Located as it is, in the very heart of a fertile stretch of forest land, it has sufficient timber in the surrounding localities to keep its numerous lumber mills, and many others that will shortly be erected, busy for many years to come."

Mr. C. E. Tisdall, M.P.P., adds his eulogium in the following words: "As soon as the Panama Canal opens grain elevators must follow, and as far as I can see there is no other likely location for them than at Port Moody. In order to locate elevators at any point along the Inlet there must be ample trackage and good depth of water, and at the head of the Inlet are all these advantages."

The foregoing expressions of opinion regarding Port Moody, from men who have gone over the situation and who understand it, will of themselves be sufficient to convince one of the possibilities for develop-

ment at this section of Vancouver's harbor. The city now is on the verge of a splendid manhood, and the newly-elected civic council are hard at work in laying out comprehensive schemes for the opening up of the city and the preparation of the port for the future that is ahead of it. The location of the mammoth Government grain elevator at Port Moody will in itself do much to induce mill-owners and others to come to the city. Milling industries will surely follow in the wake of the elevator, and the mind cannot conjecture the extent to which Port Moody's waterfront will be developed in the near future.

Vancouver is awaiting the Panama Canal, as are all other cities on the Pacific slope. To the extent that Vancouver will develop so will Port Moody. With the forces of progress at work in this part of the country, and with the certainty of an influx of population to the coast, which has only just begun, there will stand out a beacon light pointing a way to industrial activity in this pivot of the future progress of Greater Vancouver.

Twilight on Tweed

Three crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plane,
The dear remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood
Fleets through the dusky land;
Where Scott, come home to die, has stood,
My feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats,
The border waters flow;
The air is full of ballad notes,
Borne out of long ago.

—Andrew Lang.

The Evening and the Morning

By Beth Porter Sherwood

WEAK, hungry, and shivering in insufficient clothing, the ex-convict stood, like a lost soul in sight of the gates of Paradise, and gazed at the handsome residence he had once called home.

The electric light on the corner above swayed in the damp, chilly, autumn air, and the waving filigree of interlaced branches swept back and forth like shadowy fingers above the maple leaves that lay like flakes of flame upon the wet, brown pavement.

But little cared he for the shadows, except that their wavering inconstancy made him less conspicuous as he lingered by the wide-spreading maple.

The passers-by were few on this inclement night, and the keen ear of this bit of human flotsam speedily warned him of their coming; so that he always put the massive trunk between him and the infrequent wayfarer.

A stronger gust of wind, accompanied by heavy rain-drops, decided him. Within the house were warmth and food and shelter. Why not enjoy them.

"I'll do it," he muttered, straightening his thin form. "The world has done its best to make me an outcast—a criminal, and I may as well be one. I don't want to meet him, but if I do—"

He did not finish the sentence, even to himself, but the blaze in his hollow eyes and the suggestive grip of his thin fingers told their own story.

The light sputtered and winked, and in the temporary eclipse a figure stole across the street and lost itself in the shadows of the old garden. Around the house to a side piazza covered by vines, old and thick and strong, he made his way, and slowly, toilsomely, not like the glad old days when he had climbed the same vines, slenderer then, for sport, he fought upward inch by inch till he reached a window, where he waited and listened; then, inserting a thin knife-blade between the sashes, thus opening the catch, and, thinking how careless it was to leave a window so it could be opened so

easily, he shoved up the sash and entered a narrow passage.

Here, holding his breath, he stood and listened; but the house was still and dark as though it were empty; only somewhere a clock, with slow, ponderous strokes, told the hour of twelve.

Involuntarily he counted the strokes, and drew a deep breath when they ceased. Then he went forward, stealthily opening and closing doors till he stood in the wide front hall, intending to go to the floor below, when a sudden, violent and prolonged ringing of the front door-bell sent a spasm of terror through him.

From somewhere beyond him came hasty, shuffling steps, and in a panic of fear he looked around for some place of concealment. A curtain covering a door-way offered a temporary screen, and he slunk behind it as an old and feeble man, carrying a lamp, came into view. He heard him go haltingly down the stairs, then the rattle of bolts and chain as he undid the door, and instantly it seemed that the whole house was aroused. Many steps sounded, many voices spoke; but all low and repressed.

Wondering what could be the matter, he crept out and, still keeping in the shadow, peered down into the hall below. Then through the wide doorway came a covered shape that sent through him a thrill of horror.

"Don't try to take him upstairs. Bring him in here," said a voice low and silvery, and the unsuspected listener set his teeth and clenched his hands at the sound.

Then he began to think of the peril of his situation, and of the necessity of getting away while yet there was opportunity. He looked out cautiously, and was about to leave his refuge, when the old man and a young girl came up the stairs and went into one of the chambers, passing him so closely that he could have touched them. Then he heard the girl say: "Do you suppose he'll die, grandfather?"

"I don't know, child, but I hope he'll

come to first." The old man seemed speaking more to himself than to the girl, and the listener, with beating heart, wondered whom he meant.

Who was he to whom they referred? Was it he? Was it? He felt as if he were shouting the questions, and he leaned out so far that he had barely time to dodge back when the old butler and his granddaughter came out. The girl's cheek blanched, and she gave a little cry and shrank nearer to the old man as she noted the waving curtain.

Downstairs they went, and he told himself that he must go; certain detection awaited him if he remained there, and he had already taken a step forward when a light step sounded on the stair. Into view came a woman, tall, stately, beautiful, with lovely, sad, brown eyes, and dark hair showing here and there a thread of white that seemed out of place above the youthful face.

At sight of her his pale face grew paler, and he held his breath lest he should shout the name he whispered. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth. My God! Why did I see her whom I hoped never to look upon again; but what could I expect if I came here?" A tide of weakness rolled over him, and he was obliged to summon all his resolution lest he should faint.

The woman went back, and now a torrent of dull rage succeeded the flood of emotion that had swept over him. He straightened himself in his narrow quarters, and his eyes burned with resolve as he came out from behind the curtain. Retracing his steps, he threaded the halls and rooms that years before he knew so well, and by and by came to the stairs leading to the servants' apartments. He descended, and made his way along a hall till he came to a small sitting-room. Hearing no sound, he put his eye to the key-hole of the door. Before the fire, his head on his hands, his elbows on his knees, sat the old butler, his attitude one of profound depression.

Satisfied that there was no one else in the room, the man opened the door and entered. For a moment the butler was speechless with surprise.

Then, "Where did you come from?" he asked gruffly.

"Sellars, don't you know me?" asked the man, coming forward where the light fell upon him.

The old man sprang to the table, took up the lamp, and, holding it close, gazed searchingly into his companion's face; but in the thin-bearded face and hollow eyes and prematurely whitening hair there was nothing familiar to the old man's eyes, and he sat the lamp upon the table with a sigh.

"I thought it was young Mr. Edward who spoke," he said dejectedly. "Poor young Mr. Edward."

The man threw himself into a chair in front of the fire. "Sellars," he said after a pause, "get me something to eat."

At the sound of the voice Sellars again started, and stared fixedly at the man. Then he brought the desired food, which was ravenously devoured; while the old man paced back and forth, one moment appearing as if he would go from the room, the next coming back to scrutinize his strange visitor.

When at last the man's appetite was appeased and he turned again to the cheerful fire Sellars came and sat down beside him.

"Tell me," he said, speaking very low, "are you Mr. Edward? When you speak I'm sure you must be he; but you don't look like him, not a bit."

The man laughed harshly. "Your 'Mr. Edward' disappeared; was burned up in that hell long ago. I'm the ashes, the ghost; if you like that better."

The old man cowered before the blaze in those dreadful eyes, and the old grey head drooped and he sighed again, "Poor Mr. Edward. Poor boy, poor boy."

The man laid his hand gently on Sellars' arm. "There, there," he said soothingly. "It wasn't your fault, Sellars. But," he bent lower, "tell me what's the matter here? Is some one sick or hurt? Is it—?"

"It's Mr. Horace. There was an accident on the railroad, and he's hurt, and maybe he won't live till morning."

Edward sprang up. "Is he conscious? If he is I must see him. I must. I want to give him a farewell message to take along with him. They say people remember in the next world, and may be he'd remember who it was committed the crime that has wrecked my life. He has lived in luxury, respected and happy; and I—My God! Why are such things allowed?"

He turned suddenly upon Sellars, and shot a quick, penetrating glance at him as he asked, "Has he children?"

"There was one little boy, but he is dead."

"Then he hasn't escaped all the ills of this life?"

"Oh, no. Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Edward. There was—"

Then the door opened, and the house-keeper entered. "Who is this, Sellars," she asked abruptly, "and what is he doing here?"

"He's a friend of mine," returned the old man. "He came in to ask about Mr Horace."

"You'd better go in so you'll be near if you're wanted, Sellars," she said, and maybe your friend would not object to making himself useful." Her manner indicated that she doubted it.

"I'll go with pleasure," said the man with a mocking smile, rising from the chair into which he had thrown himself at her entrance. "I'd be delighted to play the part of nurse."

"Very well," she replied stolidly as she left the room, and only Sellars' restraining gesture kept his companion from following her.

"Don't go, Mr. Edward," he begged. "The sight of you'd only worry him if he knew you."

"And who is he that should not be worried when others as good—yes, better—suffer all the tortures of hell in this life. It's only just that he should get a little foretaste, to let him know what's coming to him."

"But he's hurt sore, and it was never like you, Mr. Edward, to injure one weaker than yourself."

Again that mocking smile. "Did you always believe that, Sellars? Did you believe it when they proved that I beat poor old Isaacson nearly to death and tried to rob him of his hoarded treasure?"

"It was not like you, Mr. Edward, but I did not know what to think."

"I hardly knew what to think myself, Sellars. I went into his house in response to the poor old dotard's cries for help and found his money scattered all about, and him lying bruised and bleeding upon the floor, and when I stooped to raise him he clutched me and held on like death, shrieking that I meant to kill him and take his money; and in that position I was found, with a package of bank notes in my over-

coat pocket. What do you make of that, Sellars?"

"I don't know, Mr. Edward."

"I don't know either, but I suspect. I was not alone there, Sellars. I heard some one moving about, and I saw—indistinctly, it is true—but I saw my cousin Horace, who is tonight the object of so much solicitude."

He laughed again, and the sound made Sellars shiver.

"Did my uncle ever speak of me, Sellars?" he asked after a pause.

"Never, Mr. Edward. It nearly killed him. You were his favorite, and he had meant to leave this place to you. I've been here so long," he apologized, "that I knew a great deal about your uncle's business. He left everything at last to Mr. Horace."

"It's only what I expected, and I can't blame my uncle. Poor man, I must have been a trial to him sometimes, but he was always kind to me."

He looked dreamily into the fire, and his eyes were soft and bright, and Sellars thought there was a suspicion of tears in them.

"But come, Sellars," he said, starting up with a sudden change of manner, and taking the old man's arm, "take me to the room of your interesting invalid. They'll be wondering why we don't come."

"You mean to go, Mr. Edward?"

"Certainly."

"You won't do anything you'll be sorry for afterwards? You'll be gentle and kind? Remember it's, maybe, a dying man you're going to see. O, Mr. Edward, I'm afraid to have you go. When you look that way you terrify me."

"See here, Sellars, I'm going in there. That man is guilty of the crime for which I have borne the punishment. Think of the years, the best years of my life, that I have spent penned up like a beast among beasts; and when I was free it was taken for granted that I would live like a criminal, and no honest work could I get because of the past; and I have endured starvation and shame and degradation unspeakable, and the loss of all that a man holds dearest."

His manner, at first fiercely vindictive, changed to inexpressible sadness. "Think of all this, Sellars," he continued after a pause, "and then ask me to let him slip through my fingers without making him confess before her, Elizabeth, that I was

not the devil and he not the saint that, no doubt, she has always believed."

At his last words Sellars turned, a sort of illuminating light flashing across his face. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could utter a syllable the man opened the door and crossed the hall leading to the room where the injured man lay.

When he reached the door he paused, and Sellars joined him. "Come with me, Mr. Edward," he said, taking Edward's arm and leading him further down the hall and into a room separated only by a curtained archway from that stamped with the insignia of pain.

Bending over a bed he saw the figure of a woman, and though her face was turned from him he knew instinctively that it was she whose image had been with him all these dreary years.

As she moved to one side he saw a motionless form, a white haggard face, a head swathed with bandages; and he turned away with a shudder. Horace, his cousin, the companion of his boyhood, waiting there for the grim messenger; and a feeling that was not unkind stirred in his desolated heart.

In a corner out of sight of the occupants of the other room he seated himself, his head bowed forward upon his hand. Near him, a self-appointed sentinel, sat Sellars; his eyes straying from the man beside him to the one lying helpless amid the encroaching shadows. By and by, overcome with weariness, his grey head sank upon his breast, and he slept.

But Edward, his mind unnaturally alert, was occupied with memories of his youth. The failure and death of his father and his adoption by a widowed uncle who had already taken to his home another fatherless nephew, who always regarded Edward as a rival, an interloper; and whose unfriendliness was encouraged and strengthened by the influence of a companion somewhat older.

"After all," mused Edward, "it was Fred Norton who made most of the trouble between us. He was never willing to see us at peace with each other." Then his thoughts turned to Elizabeth, the little friend of his boyhood, who grew to beautiful young maidenhood and was beloved by both himself and Horace. "But Horace won," and almost to his own wonder the thought came without the bitterness of a

short time before, "and Horace's little boy died; and now he is dying just in the prime of manhood." A wave of infinite pity swept over him. "Poor Horace, poor boy," he muttered, and rising, he went over and sat down before the smouldering fire, the desire for vengeance no longer uppermost in his heart.

Everything had not come Horace's way after all.

By and by the opening of a door aroused him, and he started up, realizing that he had been asleep, and that the opening door had admitted the doctor. Then Sellars awoke and went forward, and occasionally a word came to Edward's ears, from which he gathered that they thought that the injured man would be conscious when he awoke from his present stupor.

The minutes dragged themselves along, and Edward roused himself again and turned as Sellars came into the room. The old man sat down beside him and laid his hand on Edward's arm.

"He's conscious, Mr. Edward; but you'd better not come in," he said pleadingly. "Not for awhile yet. He knows he can't live long and there's some things to be done."

"Very well, Sellars," he replied, with a calmness that surprised the old man. Looking as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, Sellars went back; and again Edward heard, as in a dream, the murmur of voices; and one, weak and broken and pausing often for breath, he knew was his cousin's.

Occasionally there was a rustle of paper, a quiet footfall, and then Sellars came in again.

"Mr. Edward, Mr. Horace wants to see you."

"What?" Edward turned upon the old man so suddenly that he started back with a gesture of apprehension.

"He knows you're here, Mr. Edward, and he's told us all about that dreadful time and cleared you entirely."

"Tell me," said Edward huskily, his thin hands trembling with excitement as he shoved the hair back from his forehead.

"It was mostly young Mr. Norton's doings. He wanted some money to pay some debts he didn't want his father to know about, but he didn't mean any harm at first. He wanted to borrow the money, but old Isaacson wouldn't lend it, and he

and Mr. Horace thought they'd frighten him into it; so they forced their way into the house, and Isaacson grabbed Norton and wouldn't let him go; and shrieked and shouted for help all the time; and Norton choked and beat him as you saw him, and when you came, and while Isaacson held you, Mr. Norton, mad with rage and fear, slipped the money into your pocket, and they stole out and there you were, caught, red-handed as they said."

"But how was it that they proved an alibi, Sellars?"

"They'd been over to Walford all the evening, and they came back in Mr. Norton's boat; and when they got out of Isaacson's they went straight back to Walford, and their friends were sure they'd never been away from the village at all. I wonder, though," went on the old man speculatively, "how Isaacson ever mistook you for Mr. Norton."

"He was frightened and cruelly hurt. I remember that it was said he might die from his injuries."

"He did not die, but he never seemed just the same afterwards," said Sellars.

"What became of Norton, Sellars?" inquired Edward feverishly.

"He was lost with all on board in his own yacht about two years after."

"Well, well, and Horace is dying."

"Yes, and he wants to see you. You'll come, won't you, Mr. Edward?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," he answered nervously.

He arose, and followed Sellars into the next room, meeting on the way the doctor, who shook him warmly by the hand with words of congratulation and welcome; and then Elizabeth came forward and gave him both her hands, and he wondered, dully, how this story would affect her; but he did not lift his eyes to her face, but turned them toward the dying man.

"Ned," he whispered feebly, as Edward bent over him, "can you forgive me? I played the part of a coward and a thief. I sinned, but I suffered."

Edward, holding in his the hand already growing cold, assured him of his forgiveness.

By-and-by the doctor touched him as he knelt, and motioned him away, and as they stood about they saw that the breath came more and more faintly, and in a

little time they went out, leaving a still form bearing the stamp of peace upon the pallid face.

"Poor Mr. Horace," said Sellars, as he and Edward stood before the fire in the former's sitting-room in the chill grey of the morning. "It's sad to think he's gone, but I'm glad it's you that's to be here after him."

"I don't understand you, Sellars."

"I say," repeated Sellars, "that I'm glad that you're to be the master here now that Mr. Horace is gone. Don't you know," he continued, seeing Edward's puzzled expression, "that Mr. Horace left everything to you."

"You must be mistaken, Sellars."

"I'm not, sir. Begging your pardon, and it's only what he ought to have done."

"But surely he left something to his wife?"

"His wife? She isn't his wife any longer. They couldn't get along together, and she got a divorce, and I understand she is married again."

Edward turned upon Sellars such a look of perplexity that Sellars, seeing it, asked, "What is it, Mr. Edward?"

"If things are as you say why was she here tonight?"

"Who?"

"His wife."

"She wasn't. Why—why, Mr. Edward, you don't mean Miss Elizabeth, do you? She's a nurse."

"Didn't he marry her?" asked Edward feverishly.

"No, Mr. Edward, she wouldn't have him. I think—" the old man hesitated, and then continued with peculiar emphasis, "I think there was some one, and it wasn't Mr. Horace, that she would have married; but it's not for me to say. He must find that out for himself." He looked full into Edward's face, and smiled meaningly.

Edward arose, and, walking to the window, looked out upon the brown, sodden, fog-enveloped earth. His thin cheeks were flushed, and his eyes held a light not seen there for years. He felt as if, in the chill grey of that dreary autumn morning, there had been created a new heaven and a new earth, and that he dwelt in the former, a being resurrected from the tomb of buried hopes, to do a man's work and earn a man's reward.

The Only Means

By Granville Borlase

"Now then, cut that out, and look slick about it."

The above remark was made by the stout, good-natured keeper of a small log-built saloon known as the Golden Gate Hotel in Southern British Columbia, and was addressed to Will Millard, a powerfully-built cowboy, who had been shipped out to the West some ten years before by an irate parent, after having been expelled from Harrow. He was practising revolver-shooting at the expense of the saloon walls and had managed with some skill to put a bullet into several of the dark notches in the pine-wood match boarding. Perhaps it is not easy to appreciate good marksmanship, when it is manifested at the expense of one's property, and possibly dislike and distrust of the performer had something to do with it; at any rate, the genial landlord showed more asperity than was his wont when he ordered his customer to "cut it out," indicating apparently not the imbedded bullets, but the practice of using his saloon as a shooting gallery.

Will at first seemed inclined to resent this as an infringement of his freedom of action, but at the moment the arrival of the local parson, universally known and loved as the Padre, together with Minguay and Johnnie, the two members of his outfit, created a diversion. Before long the four sat down to their evening meal at a small table to the side of the bar. For ten minutes the important business of eating entirely occupied their attention, and not a word was spoken till Millard, with a satisfied sigh, lay back in his chair and remarked: "Say, boy, what do you say to coming to old Baptiste's shack with me for a bit, before going to camp? Maybe we'll get a game of faro or monte, and I guess his pretty little daughter is longing to see you again after all the attention you showed her last week."

The person thus addressed was a slim, handsome lad of eighteen, dressed in the most correct cowboy fashion—black shirt,

heavy goat-skin chaps from under which peeped his high-heeled boots and a pair of vicious-looking Mexican spurs. He had only been in the country a few months, and was revelling in his freedom.

"Yes, rather," he replied, after a short pause.

"Good. Are you ready to start?" asked Millard.

Here, however, Minguay after regarding the older man with a sullen scowl, turned to Johnnie and commenced: "Say, boy, I collate you had better come straight to camp, for I reckon there's a storm getting up, and the cattle may get some restless toward night, and you'll get no good gambling with half-breeds and hanging around their women kind."

"That's just like you, Minguay, always trying to stop all fun," replied the youth. "What's the good of treating half-breeds as if they were not fit to speak to?" This with a glance at the Padre as though to enlist him on his side. However, the Padre looked in front of him with the face of a sphinx.

After a few minutes' silence, which followed Johnnie's outburst, Will got up, shook himself, rolled out of the hotel, and began to unfasten his horse from the wooden rail by the door, and in another moment cantered away down the valley and was lost to sight in a cloud of dust. For a few seconds Johnnie sat with a look of sulky defiance on his handsome boyish face, and then swaggered out and was soon galloping after Will.

The two men watched him in silence through the open door till he was out of sight. Then Minguay, putting his elbows on the table and looking straight into his companion's face, as though to rivet his attention, remarked: "Say, Padre, the boy seems inclined to drift some."

He then paused, not as though he expected any rejoinder, but rather as though this first remark was by way of gaining his hearer's attention, and suggesting the line

which his conversation would take. The Padre, though a product of Eton and Oxford, had managed to penetrate below the surface with these rough Western lads, and to understand and love them.

He knew at once that Minguay wanted to confide in him, but that he could only do it in his own way, and would probably take some time about it. He realized that any remark from him would only check the flow of the cowboy's thought and speech.

Presently Minguay recommenced. "Wal, you remember Dave Aberthnot, Johnnie's brother, and me was pals mor'n ordinary, and when he trekked home three years ago he got me to go along with him, as he said that, being a British subject, I ought to see the Old Country. Wal, when we landed we went straight to Dave's home, and his father, a rather pompous old padre, with legs done up in gaiters, received us kindly, but his mother made a heap big fuss of me, as it seems Dave had been feeding her up with Almighty rot and lies about me every mail for the last year. After a few days Johnnie arrived back from school, and from the first the lad was fair mad about going West, and, if his father would have let him, would sure have left school right away and gone back with us. However, we became awful thick, and by the end of the holidays I guess I was well-nigh as fond of the boy as I was of Dave. After a bit Johnnie went back to school, and soon after Dave and me trekked back West. It was not long after that that Dave's sorrel mare fell over on him at the Penticton ranch. I was down Osoos way, and the stage brought me word that evening that Dave would not last the night and wanted to see me. I guess I was in the saddle heap swift, and rode on a dead run for Penticton. I got there before dawn with my horse well-nigh stove up. Dave was still alive, but mighty near the end. He said a heap about himself, which is mine"—the Padre nodded—"and then he asked me to look after Johnnie when he came West and to help him to steer clear of all the muck and devilry out here, and I swore I would."

Here Minguay paused, but the Padre's instinctive tact again kept him silent, and in a moment the lad began again:

"Wal, I guess I have tried some to keep that promise, but I have been plumb discouraged lately. I have jawed the boy and told him what a low-down thing it is to

win money from Indians and half-breeds, who can't begin to understand the game.

"I guess I have introduced him to one or two of the choicest saloon crawlers and rubber-necks, and told him how they began just like he has, having what they called a spree, till the sprees all got running into each other and they only went on a sober tack now and again when they were cleaned out and no one would stand them drinks. I reckon, however, there's danger ahead for the boy a whole lot more pressing than even drink and gambling. That girl of old Baptiste's has been dead set on marrying a white man, ever since last fall, when young Marriott married her sister. At first the boy kind of shied at her, but after a bit he sees Will making much of her, and he collates it's the buck thing to do, and now she has plumb got hold of him and ain't aiming to waste her opportunities. Now I just reckon that those old people at home would be some troubled if their boy married a squaw, though they wouldn't half know, as we do, what a filthy hell his life would be, and I wonder what Dave would think then of all my promises. Still I reckon that, if Will wasn't hanging around, the boy would go tolerable straight, and at times I feel minded to fill the skunk up with lead."

It was now Minguay's turn to wait quietly for the Padre to speak. After a moment he leant across the table, his sympathetic voice vibrating with suppressed feeling, and began:

"I guess you have been letting our young friend have it a little too hot and a little too often. You have made a big fight to save him off your own bat, from going to hell. Now, old friend, you must just trust him to One who loves him even more than you do, and will save him in His own way and by His own means, of which you may be one."

With that the Padre rose, laid his hand affectionately on the cowboy's shoulder, and was gone.

That night, Minguay, rolled up in his blanket, lay on a small plateau on the mountain side, which had been chosen as a temporary camp, since it commanded an extensive view of the valley, with its herds of feeding cattle. As he lay there he could see the reflection of the moon on Osoos Lake at the south of the valley, and the

outline of several irregular buildings which comprised old Baptiste's ranch.

The occasional mournful cry of the coyote, and now and again the deeper note of some lonely wolf, were the only sounds which broke the deadly quiet of the Canadian night. The weird beauty of the hour appealed strongly to his sensuous nature, and aroused in him those strange mystical longings which ever made him a creature apart among his rough companions. However, he could not keep his mind from wondering what Johnnie would be doing, whether perhaps at this very moment he might be taking some fatal step which would inevitably wreck his young life. The night wore on, and there was still no sign of his companion returning; but, contrary to his usual experience, sleep did not come to him. With a deep sense of loneliness and despondency his thoughts went back to the events of the day.

Again and again he ran over the scene at the saloon and all that led up to it. For weeks he had been fighting with all his might to win Johnnie from the influence of Millard. Sometimes for a day or so the boy would treat him with all his old trust and affection, but on the whole it had been a losing game, and tonight's affair seemed to him, in his despondent mood, a final victory for the enemy. But, as he lay and brooded, the truth of the Padre's words came home to him, and he realized how in all this trouble he had been blindly scheming and struggling without ever expecting or seeking Divine help. As he lay beneath the stars Heaven seemed very near and the intense beauty of the scene was eloquent of eternal consolation and a Divine loving purpose underlying all things. With a deep sense of the reality of unseen spiritual powers he knelt upon the ground and poured out his whole soul to his Maker. Confessing his own failure and weakness, he committed his friend into the hands of Him with Whom all things are possible. As he lay down to sleep he felt that a great weight had been lifted from him, and a sense of deep peace came upon him.

He could not have slept more than an hour or two, when he was awakened by a loud clap of thunder. The sun was only just beginning to shed a ruddy glow in the east, and instinctively his eyes turned to the valley and the restless cattle. Everywhere they were on the move, and here and

there he could see a young steer dashing madly about, and even as he looked a vivid flash of lightning, followed quickly by another clap of thunder, warned him that there was no time to be lost.

The frightened cattle were growing more and more restless, and had already commenced to move slowly down the valley. He realized that at any moment this uneasy movement might become a mad stampede.

It took him but a few seconds to run up the steep trail to the little green patch where he had picketed his horse, and before long he was galloping up the valley, rounding up stragglers, and trying to collect the various bunches of cattle into one vast herd. If this were accomplished he knew that they would not be likely to come to much harm, since they could stampede for some forty miles down the narrow valley without encountering dangerous ground, and he could easily manage to keep with them and prevent the herd dividing. For two hours he galloped about, doing the work of three men at once. In the ordinary way he would have been cursing his companions for leaving him in the lurch, but somehow the sense of inward peace seemed to triumph over all external circumstances. At last he had collected the straggling beasts into one vast herd, which filled the valley for nearly half a mile. All this time, however, the movement had been increasing in pace, and soon the huge seething mass broke into one wild rush. Minguay began racing along the right side of the herd, and urging his powerful horse to his best pace, since it was all-important that he should be up with the foremost steers before they reached the head of the lake, so as to turn them on to the level pasture to the left of the lake, and prevent them taking the narrow and dangerous trail to the right. His horse was steadily gaining, and he had little doubt that he would be to the front in good time, and would be able to turn them even if they did not naturally take the easier course.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by some stones rolling down the mountain right at his horse's feet. Looking up, he was amazed to see Johnnie's little grey mare, saddled and bridled, clambering up the mountain side for all he was worth. At once he realized what must have happened. Johnnie, according to his frequent custom, had no doubt ridden to the lake to bathe,

and the horse, frightened by the storm, had bolted. Johnnie would probably keep him in view, and either track him down on foot or get another horse and ride after him.

He had hardly, however, gone another hundred yards when he was confronted with a sight which transfixed him with horror. There was Johnnie walking up the centre of the valley, right in the line of the stampeding herd. For a moment it seemed as if nothing could save him from being trampled to death, for it is a strange thing that, though western cattle can generally be turned readily enough by a man on horseback, they have no manner of respect for the most ferocious cowpuncher if he happens to be on foot, and will trample him to death without the least hesitation. Minguay drove in his spurs and dashed aimlessly forward, though there seemed no chance of reaching his friend in time. Suddenly, however, his hopes rose again, for in the uncertain light he perceived Will Millard riding up the valley towards Johnnie.

The possibilities of the situation flashed through his mind, he saw that if Millard galloped hard he could easily reach Johnnie before the herd, and, with the boy hanging on to one stirrup and the horn of the saddle, they ought both, with luck, to be able to win clear of the terrible charge, especially if Millard made good use of his stock whip. Johnnie had now evidently realized his danger, for he was waving and shouting to Millard, and Minguay could see by the cloud of dust that Will was galloping his best.

Suddenly he seemed to slacken. What was it? Had he realized the danger for the first time? Surely no human being would desert a friend at such a moment. For another few yards he came slowly on, stopped for a second as though hesitating, then swung his horse round and galloped for safety down the valley.

For a moment Minguay felt dazed with rage and horror.

"Infernal skunk," he muttered, as he once more drove home his spurs and settled down to ride his hardest. Immediately Johnnie saw that Millard had deserted him, he started to run for his life to the slopes on his friend's side of the valley. Minguay saw at once that the herd would be on to Johnnie long before he could reach the

slopes, and that now the only hope lay in he himself getting to the front of the herd before that, and turning the infuriated beasts sufficiently to the left to clear the boy. The task seemed hopeless, though he was straining every nerve and using quirt and spurs as never before. His powerful buckskin mare, unused to such treatment, with laid-back ears and lowered head, dashed madly forward, and beside her the sea of frightened beasts thundered along, raising clouds of dust in their mad rush.

The pace was terrific over the rocky uneven ground, and more than once the mare stumbled and was almost down, but her very pace seemed to keep her on her legs, and a faint ray of hope began to disperse Minguay's despair as he realized that they were steadily gaining on the racing steers and forging to the front. Through the clouds of dust he now and again caught a glimpse of Johnnie running for his life across the valley, but the space between him and the foremost steers was getting terribly small.

Minguay was now not more than fifty yards behind the leaders of the herd, and the mare, who seemed to realize how much depended on her, was doing her best, when suddenly a puff of wind, partially clearing away the dust, revealed the hopelessness of his task and he realized with horror that in a few more moments he must see the end; for there was no possibility of so turning the cattle that they would charge clear of his friend. Then, as he dashed madly on, racing with the foremost steers, his friend not thirty yards in front to his left, a new and desperate plan suddenly flashed across his mind. He realized at last that the only way to save his friend was somehow to swing around between him and the leaders, so as to check their rush, if only for a moment, and enable the boy to win clear. He realized with awful clearness what his fate must inevitably be, but not for one moment did he waver.

Sitting firmly down in the deep Mexican saddle, he dashed past the leading steers, and then, with powerful turn of hand and knee, swung the buckskin right in front of the charging mass. The spent horse, at a touch of the spurs, made a last effort, and, with two tremendous bounds, landed right between Johnnie and the line of lowered horns, then swayed for a moment and fell heavily on her side, hurling her rider under

the very feet of the oncoming rush. There was one sharp stab of agony, and he knew no more.

It was many hours later when Minguay opened his eyes and gazed up at the rough beams above him, dimly conscious that he had laid in this place before. At last he realized that he was in the small room in Baptiste's shack, where he had often slept. At first he wondered vaguely how he came there, but gradually memory returned to him, and he recalled the events of the previous day and night, the scene in the hotel, his talk with the Padre, the prayer which had seemed to lift the veil of the unseen and fill him with divine peace, and the awful race against the charging steers threatening death to his friend. Had he saved him after all, or was he lying in the valley trampled out of all recognition, he wondered.

Involuntarily he uttered his name, and immediately there was a slight movement beside him, and Johnnie, pale with grief and anxiety, bent over him.

"Thank God! Thank God, you're safe," gasped Minguay.

"Are you in much pain, old man?" asked the lad.

"Not much, but I can't shift any, and I guess my back's fair spoilt for future use, and I'll not move around much more."

"Oh, Minguay," cried the boy, flinging himself down beside him with a burst of

grief, "it's all my doing, yet you're the only soul I care a bit about out here. You'll believe it, won't you, though I was fool enough to pal up with a skunk like Millard, who wouldn't take one ounce of risk for me. And you, old boy, have given your life for mine."

With a tired smile the cowboy just stretched out his hand and laid it on the bowed head of his friend. All he said, however, was:

"Don't you worry, boy. I collate it has all fallen out at it was meant to be."

As he lay afterwards silent, he somehow knew that his mission was accomplished, and that he had been permitted to save the boy from things far worse than a sudden death.

For some hours Johnnie watched by the side of his dying friend. The sun had set with the suddenness peculiar to the West, and almost complete darkness filled the room. Neither had spoken for some time. At last Johnnie's watchful ears detected the far-away thud of a galloping horse. In a few moments it became quite audible, and Minguay moved restlessly.

"It is the Padre," said Johnnie, answering the unasked question. "I sent for him at once."

As the sound of the horses' hoofs drew close, he rose and kindled a light and went down to meet the priest.

The Mystery

Our earthly path is scattered wide,
With mingled warp of shade and shine;
Sharp thorns and briars flaunt beside
The fairest fruit of tree and vine.

There is no life however blessed,
That has not felt the sting of pain;
No floweret by the sun caressed,
But hath endured the wind and rain.

Someday unto our wondering sight,
In God's own time, will stand revealed,
The mystery of Wrong and Right;
Why brambles grow in flowering field.

—Charlotte H. Gardner.

An Echo on the Camp Piano

By Bill Uno

I DON'T know as this story is typical of any place in particular. In fact, while its setting is in one of the little mining towns of south-eastern British Columbia, its undercurrent of pathos might well flow through the lives of some of the most respected people of the staid old East.

Because of its human touch I will try to tell it to you just as I heard it.

Bill and Tom had prospected in the same camps, worked side by side in the same tunnels—yes, and known each other in their more frivolous moods—for many years.

Bill it was who told me the story, and Tom (just Tom will do, for the story is true) was—shall I say?—the victim.

Neither indulged in the pastimes of the town to an extent that men without homes and unrestrained by public opinion would deem excessive.

Neither was wealthy in the least degree, and both were very seldom broke.

On the evening in mind they were stopping at one of the fair hotels of the town: it was just after payday, and most of the miners were having more or less of a time.

Old Tom had retreated to the reading-room after a mild allowance of the cup that cheers, and also inebriates, and had settled into the depths of one of the current magazines, when someone commented on the unusual skill of the artist at the piano who was helping to lure away dull care, and perchance additional dollars.

Looking up thoughtfully as another raised higher still the meed of praise (for the music was good) he remarked with just a touch of pride, "I believe that I can beat it."

Several present had known him for years, and none had ever heard him play or sing; so, amid a storm of banter, a friend

challenged him to try, emphasizing his doubt by offering to bet him a twenty.

"Keep your money," said Tom, quietly; and then, as the pianist closed his selection, he asked permission to run a few notes himself.

Somewhat reluctantly his request was granted, while those who knew him jokingly assured him that it was not a steel drill he'd be striking, and advised him to tap it lightly.

Without evident interest in their remarks, he seated himself at the instrument, and, in a reminiscent sort of way, ran his work-marked hands along the keys.

Something in those few random touches seemed to make another being of him, while over his scoffing audience crept a sudden thrill, strangely at variance with their previous mood.

Ere we realized what was occurring, the old piano was welling forth the haunting strains of "Annie Laurie," and then, without evident regard for encore or approval, he wandered through one and then another of the old-time melodies, while for hours there was not a word spoken above a whisper in all that boisterous crowd.

Then his mood changed, and he sank into one of Beethoven's deepest, gloomiest selections, leaving all present under a cloud of melancholy.

"No," he said. "No more tonight: I have not touched an instrument for twelve long years; and the mood has left me."

To Bill at work in the mine next day he said: "Yes; I played some once. People came to hear me then; came from all parts of the country; but that was years ago. In those days the inspiration that drew the music from my soul was the light in just one woman's eyes.

"And then; well: it don't much matter why; the light went out, and I am here."

Editorial Comment

THE COST OF LIVING

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that Canada, in spite of a certain tightness of money caused by the political situation in Europe, can show a very healthy state of things in regard to her national finances. The budget speech of the Hon. W. T. White, in the Dominion House of Commons, on May 12, disclosed an increase of thirty-two million dollars in the country's revenue for the last twelve months, as compared with the previous year. The expenditure had increased by fifteen millions, but there was a surplus of no less than \$55,000,000, while the national debt had been reduced by \$23,300,000. Altogether the total of foreign and oversea trade—imports and exports added together—amounted, for the first time in history, to over \$1,000,000,000. Here is a notable mark in Canada's progress.

In the matter of taxation few changes are made, and these are all in the way of reduction. The duty on imported cement is slightly lowered, and newspaper type-setting machinery, traction ditching machinery, scientific apparatus for hospitals and glassware are placed on the free list. The freeing of hospital apparatus is a step dictated, no doubt, by humane considerations, and the other alterations will all come as a relief to important industries which employ large numbers of workers in Canada. Consequently they will be generally popular, though we can all bring to mind other heavily-taxed commodities, the users of which have at least an equal claim to be considered.

This brings us to what, in our opinion, is the test question by which the budget ought to be judged. That is, whether, in view of the large surplus the Finance Minister is doing as much as he ought towards lightening the burden of existence for the people of Canada. We do not think he is. In these days of *ad valorem* high duties, the Government is levying a bigger tax on imported commodities than it formerly did, even though the nominal percentage of duty is the same. Take a hypothetical case in point. Suppose an article which is landed in one of our Canadian ports at a cost of one dollar. In the customs house it is taxed *ad valorem*, say 50 per cent. The merchant, having received it for \$1.50, passes it on to the retail storekeeper, and these two individuals between them make a gross profit of, say, 50 cents, the retail customer obtaining it for \$2. Suppose, then, that in the period of present high prices the original cost of the same article has advanced to \$1.50. Though the tariff is only the same as before—*i.e.*, 50 per cent.—the customs house now demands 75 cents, bringing it up to \$2.25. The merchant and storekeeper are not likely to be satisfied with a smaller percentage of profit than before, and so the retail customer pays \$3 for the article which used to cost him \$2. Of this additional dollar 50 cents has gone in the form of increased price to the original producer, 25 cents in extra tariff and 25 cents in bigger profit to the dealer.

Now, whatever we may think of the part played by the manufacturer and the dealer in this transaction, the part played by the state, in demanding an extra levy because of the misfortune of the consumer in having to pay higher prices, is absolutely indefensible. Yet this is precisely what has been going on in relation to hundreds of taxed commodities which have risen in price in recent years. The rise in the cost of living has been in progress for a long time, and opinions differ as to whether we have,

even yet, seen the worst. It is the result of an accumulation of forces that have been working at different times, in different countries, through different agencies. If one were to try to apportion the blame it would mean putting a great many defendants into the dock. It is, apparently, nobody's business to do this. But the state, at least, ought to take the initiative in clearing itself of its own share of the responsibility, by remitting taxes to the extent by which it has profited from the higher cost of living. The failure to do this is the one disappointing feature of the Canadian budget for this year.

For our part, we take no interest in the party recriminations which are usually flying about when a question of this kind is raised. "Why don't you reduce taxes?" says the Opposition. "Why didn't you reduce them when you were in?" the Government retorts, and so we are introduced to an outburst of stale, flat and unprofitable polemics, which end in little or nothing being done. And yet there are serious factors in our national life which are intimately related to this question. A commission sits to inquire into the labor situation in British Columbia, and is told by witnesses from the farming districts that they cannot do without Oriental labor since the high cost of living causes the white worker to demand a wage which it is beyond their power to pay. Is not this also the secret of the employment of so many Chinese, Japanese and Hindus in other lines of industry? Again, there is alarm in some quarters over the fact that the majority of the people of Canada nowadays are dwellers in the cities and towns; for, it is said, those who live amid urban surroundings are not the real producers of the nation's wealth, but those who go to work on the land, in the mine and in the forest. The town dweller, at least, has a chance of getting work in an industry which enjoys the bounty of protective taxation, while the land worker is usually the man who pays. It might be thought that, if there must be inequality as between one class and another, the favored people would be those who are doing the most to develop the resources of the country. But the precise opposite is the case; and today we are lamenting the fact that Canada is buying from abroad various kinds of farm produce of which she was formerly a large exporter. Here is proof that, though a protective system can undoubtedly help certain industries for a time, by choosing them as its favorites, it will also depress and injure others by making them its victims. And the aggregate amount of injury done will probably be greater than the measure of the benefit conferred.

We are very far from taking a gloomy view of the future of Canada and her trade, but it is well that some one should speak plainly of the necessity for steps to be taken to reduce the cost of living. Over in the United States that problem has been boldly faced by the new president and his government, and we are witnessing the most vigorous onslaught that has been made upon high tariffs in any country since the days of Sir Robert Peel. Would that we had a leader prepared to accomplish work of a like nature in Canada, or even to go further in the same direction. We should then see the foundations laid in this Dominion of a greater prosperity than we have ever enjoyed in the past. But, sad to say, there is little sign that either the Conservative or the Liberal party in Canada have their eyes open to the real situation.

* * *

WELCOME TO THE NEW SHIPS

THE ports of British Columbia are not having to wait for the opening of the Panama Canal before experiencing a notable increase in the number and tonnage of ocean ships

calling to do business here. Up to Easter this year there were seven lines trading between Vancouver and ports in Europe, Asia or Australia. In a little over a month from now there will be ten. Of the lines new to this part of the world, the Hamburg-American sent the *Sithonia* about the end of April, the Royal Mail line's ship, the *Flintshire*, made her introductory call a little over a week ago, and early in July the Burrard Inlet will see one of the vessels of the Russian Imperial line from Vladivostok. These are not sporadic visits by tramp steamers, but the first comings of ships which will be followed at regular intervals by others belonging to the same owners. Their arrival is a portent of the coming greatness of Vancouver and Victoria as ocean ports. Another sign pointing in the same direction is the arrival, now imminent, of the Canadian Pacific Company's new boat, the *Empress of Russia*, the first of two which will more than double the capacity of the company's trade between British Columbia and the Orient.

There are pessimists who will point out that probably not one of the ships owned by the ten ocean lines now operating here has been built in Canada, or, for the matter of that, in any part of America. And there are also optimists who will reply that since we have no ships of our own construction available for oversea trade, we are fortunate to be able to attract those from other parts of the world into our ports to help to build up our commerce. What is the common-sense attitude towards this question? That vivacious writer, Miss Agnes Laut, whose habit of dashing across a continent in search of "copy," and serving it up hot and strong to the readers of weekly periodicals, providing us with one of the most amusing features of American journalism, has discovered that the American flag has been "swept from the seas." Miss Laut is not the writer to mince her words. One wonders mildly how the American likes to be told that Uncle Sam is "inert, imbecile, unconscious," and that he has habitually followed a "heedless, headless, paper-boat, rag-doll, land-lubber politician marine policy," while England, Germany and other nations have had an "iron-handed, forehanded, forward-looking, upward-building, iron-clad marine policy." Surely the American for all his sins, hardly deserves this, though he has not shown himself to possess all the wisdom in the world. Let us see what has really been the matter with him.

We may pass by as unimportant, except historically, the fact that the British navy wiped a large number of American merchantmen off the seas in the war of 1812, or that the *Alabama* destroyed some more in the civil war of fifty years ago. A mercantile marine policy on the right track would have had time to recover from these slings and arrows of fortune before now. But apart from historical dissertations, the whole of the reasons which Miss Laut gives for the decline of America's merchant marine flow from two causes. One is that the American, during the last half century, has been putting his money into enterprises which he found would pay better than the building of ships. Result: The opening up of the Western States and the almost equal development of the East.

The other explanation is that American statesmen conceived a fiscal policy which put a premium upon interior trades, especially manufacturing trades, to the neglect, and, indeed, at the expense, of American shipping. For many years the American people believed that this was a paying policy. They are not so sure of it now; but, at any rate, the policy brought about the principal results which it aimed at, even though it also entailed others of a more inconvenient character.

In the early part of last century the United States was almost purely an agricul-

tural nation. She sent her surplus agricultural products across the Atlantic and received in exchange manufactured goods from European countries. Of this double carrying trade a fair share was done by American ships, and the American merchant marine prospered. Then a new era opened up. The United States became a manufacturing nation, and its new industries demanded and received protection in a measure sufficient to keep out huge quantities of foreign goods. Needless to say, the existing balance of foreign trade was disturbed by this process. The United States was quite as anxious as before to sell her natural products abroad, but was not prepared to accept payment for them in the old way. A new method had to be found, and it was provided, in part, by the tendering of the services of British and other ships, which gradually came to monopolise the Atlantic carrying trade. Exit the American merchant marine!

Whenever a British merchant vessel enters a foreign port she goes there in a dual character—as a salesman, and also as a customer wherever she may see anything worth buying. The American merchant abroad is an efficient salesman, perhaps the most efficient in the world; but when he comes to take up the amount of his sales in purchases he has the fear before him of that tariff schedule, with its menace multiplied by a thousand and one. Is it any wonder, then, that he is frequently “up against it” where his English rival walks on velvet; that the English trader is more popular in the foreign market, and that the English ships get the carrying trade and demand their own terms for doing it?

Since we in Canada have very closely followed American traditions in our attitude towards international trade, all this will suggest some reasons why it may prove difficult to establish a merchant marine of our own. Bounties on ship-building, special restrictions against foreign vessels, bonuses on freight carried in our own ships, are of no avail ultimately, against economic truth. But why should we worry? Does Canada want an oversea trade? Assuredly she does, and nobody in Canada wants it more than the people on the Pacific Coast, whose ports are open to all comers all the year round. Then let us extend hospitality to ships from every corner of the inhabited globe, and to every flag that braves the breezes of the Pacific Ocean.

* * *

THE one satisfactory feature about the difficulty that has arisen with reference to the position of the Japanese in California is that Canada is out of it. And that is where Canada will do well to remain. The present arrangement here, under which the Japanese authorities allow only a certain number of their people to come to Canada in any one year, has, on the whole, worked well. Nobody would dream of advocating the uncontrolled admission of an unlimited number of Orientals into Canada, and it may be that, from time to time, we shall have to modify or increase the severity of the present rules. But we must remember that the Orientals are here because, in the first place, those who were engaged in developing the country needed them, and in some lines of industry, at least, it hardly looks as if we shall be able to dispense with their services for awhile. Of course we would rather have white than yellow or black immigrants any day, but that should not blind us to facts. And, on the whole, we seem to have hit upon a happier way of dealing with the Japanese situation than they have in California.

* * *

THE formation of a “Welcome League” to assist incoming settlers in Vancouver and British Columbia in getting employment is a step in the right direction. Such a

league has possibilities before it of very useful work, though the new settler must not expect that, with its coming into existence, all his difficulties will be suddenly swept away. The League, with the best of intentions, cannot create jobs when jobs do not exist, and no doubt it will impress upon its applicants, what we have all heard *ad nauseam*, that in a new country the best man is the adaptable man, and he who is the most willing to turn his hand to anything that offers is the one to succeed. Perhaps the best hint that can be tendered to the League may be conveyed in the words of the British statesman who told his colleagues to "use large maps." It should collect all the information available about those outlying portions of the Province where there are rich prizes to be won by industry, and should place it at the disposal of the new settlers. Too many of the latter make the mistake of imagining that British Columbia consists of a little group of cities on the southwest coast, whereas it is a territory nearly six times the size of England.

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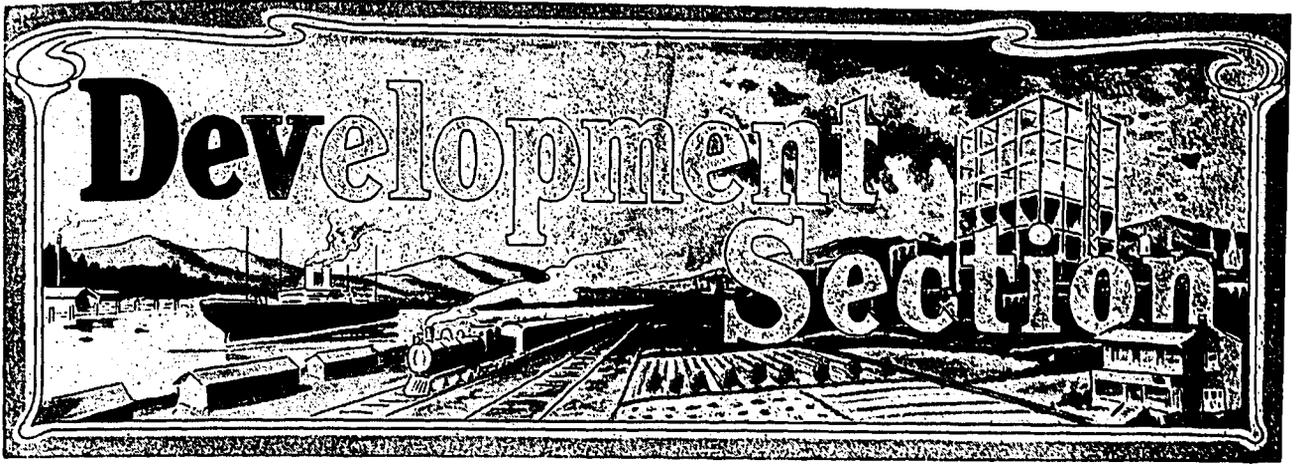
EVEN in the most up-to-date countries in the world there is a tendency, at times, to revert to old-fashioned rule-of-thumb methods of doing things. A case in point is the decision of the Dominion Government to distribute the grant for highway building among the various provinces according to population. No province has more right to feel aggrieved over this decision than British Columbia. Surely a province with an enormous area and a comparatively small population, but growing by leaps and bounds, has more need for highways than one in the more settled East, where communication from place to place has already been established for many years past. Add to this the fact that highways are wanted in many quarters of British Columbia where dense forests and almost impassable mountains and ravines would have to be negotiated—conditions which do not apply in anything like the same degree in any other part of Canada. When it is remembered also that Western Canada pays more than her just share of the national revenue and receives less than her just share of the benefits, there is very good ground for British Columbia to protest against the Government's treatment of her.

Peace

A strip of sunset cloud, full fringed with gold:
 A white sail, homeward bound, o'er purpling deep;
 A woman waiting there upon the sands,
 The rosy child upon her breast asleep.

The gaudy splendors of the East may hold,
 For certain ones, a sensuous delight:
 For me, earth holds no rarer, sweeter thing
 Than this calm picture of the coming night.

—*Mary G. Fraser, in "Maclean's Magazine."*



The Townsite of Fraser Lake

THE Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay since A. D. 1670—and commonly called the Hudson's Bay Company—have for many years past maintained a trading post at the northeastern end of Fraser Lake, Coast District, British Columbia.

This trading post has always been known by the same name as the lake which it overlooks, together with the prefix "Fort" added, for the reason that the post was more or less a miniature fortress constructed as a protection against the possible depredations of hostiles. The Hudson's Bay Company is still doing business at the original location, its officials there amusing themselves between times with a bit of farming and gardening, in both of which occupations their efforts have proved up the remarkable possibilities of the district as a whole.

No subdivisions into town lots or small acreage have been made of the Hudson's Bay Company's property, which, by the way, is not on the Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental line now under construction. In fact the trading post, or "fort" as it is sometimes called, is some distance away. The nearest official townsite on the G. T. P. is Fraser Lake Townsite, some twelve miles or more farther west on the south side of the lake, where the bathing beaches are magnificent, the fishing simply splendid, and the waterpower on the Stellaco River but a couple of miles away. Sloping downward gently to the lakefront is the beautiful tract of land selected by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway for its official and leading townsite in the Fraser Lake district, so rich in agricultural and stock-raising possibilities, and timber, mineral and fishery wealth. The Hudson's Bay fort being off the railway route, and the more southeasterly end of the lake

seemingly having been entirely out of the question from an ideal town-planning and pleasure resort standpoint, a superb selection was secured where, if the grass and a few saplings were cut, a billiard ball might be rolled from the outer boundaries straight into the lake without fear of being lost in ravines, which in any town soon become mere garbage receptacles and breeding-places for most of the ills that human flesh is heir to.

The following official communication from the land commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is sufficient evidence of what are the intentions regarding the Fraser Lake townsite, and where the real bona fide town of the tributary district is to be located.

"This is to certify that Fraser Lake is the official townsite of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Coast District, British Columbia. It is the intention of the railway company to erect a fine station on this townsite, commensurate to the district it will serve, which will be erected as soon as the line is completed through this district.

"The company looks upon Fraser Lake as probably one of the best townsites on the line in the Province of British Columbia.

"Five per cent. of the gross sales of this townsite is set aside to be handed over to the first Board of Trade when duly constituted, and when it has a membership of twenty-five in Fraser Lake. This fund to be used for the development of the town, advertising resources of the district, etc."

(Signed) G. U. RYLEY,

Land Commissioner Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

The foregoing official statement should once and forever annihilate all misunderstanding on the part of the general public, which should remember, too, that a mere jumping-off platform in front of perhaps an old box car is not a fine railway station, and most certainly not a No. 1 standard station such as the Board of Railway Com-

missioners for Canada has decreed shall be erected at Fraser Lake townsite.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co., notwithstanding all statements of promoters to the contrary, positively has no interest whatever in any subdivisions of lots at or near the lake called Fraser Lake, other than those in its own official townsite of Fraser Lake. Gifts of lots have been offered to the company, but not accepted by it. As for any actual purchase in alien subdivisions where the morning sun earlier tints Nechaco's wrinkled sleeve with shadows and smiles, that is merely a story of dreamy optimism induced by the fumes of hankering hope.

FREDERICK JAY

Qualicum Beach

THE MERCHANTS TRUST & TRADING Co., LTD., of Victoria and Vancouver, a strong English company which is undertaking large developments on Vancouver Island, and which is the company mentioned in our May issue as making a popular and very attractive resort at Qualicum Beach, is tackling the problem of settlement and development in a very thorough manner.

This company owns and operates large lumber mills at Nanoose Bay, Hillier and Qualicum, and through its lumber industries is doing all it can to assist in the development of this resort and also the settlement of 30,000 acres of farm lands which it owns in this district.

The company's fine inn at Qualicum Beach, costing over \$50,000, is nearing completion, and rapid strides are being made in the laying out and construction of their golf course, on which no expense will be spared to make it into a first-class course.

This resort is endowed with great natural beauty, and people will do well to investigate its attractions and possibilities when The Merchants Trust & Trading Co., Ltd., have completed their extensive plans there.

The settlers on the farm lands of this company are getting land at \$45 per acre and five years in which to pay for it.

This company also assists the Cameron Farmers' Exchange, Ltd., at the various points throughout its lands, so that all the produce of the settlers can be marketed to the very best advantage.

Development on Bowen Island

MESSRS. F. DODSON & Co., prominent brokers and financial agents of 531 Richards street and who have specialized in summer home properties for the past two years, are constructing and placing on the market a number of unique summer houses at their summer resort, Eagle Cliff, on Bowen Island, Howe Sound, which is situated about twelve miles from Vancouver and is fast becoming the most popular summer resort in the vicinity of Vancouver on account of its beautiful scenery and excellent boat service from the city, also owing to the splendid opportunities it affords to the angler. Eagle Cliff, which is situated a little over a mile north of Snug Cove and where is situated the government wharf and post office, is without doubt the most up-to-date summer resort yet placed at the disposal of the public by a private company. This resort has a southern exposure and affords an unlimited and superb view of Point Grey, Vancouver Island, and other islands to the south of the latter can be discerned in the distance. Messrs. F. Dodson & Co. have spared no expense in the development of Eagle Cliff, a very substantial wharf has been constructed, enabling the Howe Sound steamers to make regular calls at this point. The whole property has been underbrushed but the larger trees have been left standing for shade purposes. Over a mile of roads and half a mile of lanes have been opened and graded and a water system supplying pure spring water is being installed, bringing water to each house. Considerable care has been taken in the subdivision of the property so as to avoid congestion of the houses which would take away a great deal of the pleasure and seclusiveness which form part of a summer home. No lot is smaller than a quarter of an acre and some of them are as large as an acre and a half. Great care also has been taken in the subdividing of the waterfront lots so that as many lots as possible have been given waterfrontage. There is a splendid shingle beach at Eagle Cliff which is highly suitable for bathers. The houses themselves contain three and four rooms, all with verandahs, in fact some of them are constructed with two verandahs, which make excellent sleeping porches in the warm weather. The interior of the houses are nicely decorated

in suitable colors and the exterior and roof tastily painted. Each house is also provided with a brick chimney. With the coming of the hot summer days there are very few people who do not have a desire to leave the hot, stuffy atmosphere of the city and go where they can obtain the pure rich breezes from the ocean mingled with the fragrant smell of the woods. Messrs. F. Dodson & Co. realize this and in placing these summer homes on the market are in a position to satisfy a long-felt want on the part of the people of Vancouver, at prices and terms which are within the reach of every person. Houses complete with large lot sell from \$1,150 to \$1,400 for waterfront properties on terms of one-quarter cash, balance over two years at 7 per cent. Lots from \$500 up on terms of one-tenth cash, balance \$50 quarterly, interest 7 per cent, or similar terms which would better suit purchasers. Call or phone to them and make arrangements to join one of their weekly parties to Eagle Cliff and also receive an up-to-date map of Bowen Island.

Railways and a Bridge

A NUMBER of highly important matters were submitted to the Dominion Railway Commission during its sittings in Vancouver a few weeks ago. Chief among these were the proposals relating to a bridge over the Second Narrows of Burrard Inlet, to the east of Vancouver City, and various projects connected with railway development on the north shore of the Inlet. At present there are no railways on this side of the water, but the next few years are evidently to see great changes. Application was made by the Canadian Pacific Railway for approval of its location along the north shore.

The Pacific Great Eastern Railway, represented by Mr. D'Arcy Tate, showed that its location had been finally approved by the provincial government from Point Atkinson to the Second Narrows, and that along parts of the way the proposed location of the C. P. R. followed identical lines.

It was stated that along the portion west of Lonsdale avenue in North Vancouver the P. G. E. was prepared to start work immediately, and the request was made that whatever order the Dominion board made it would respect the rights of the P. G. E., and not allow its order to

conflict, so that an opportunity would be given the C. P. R. to delay construction by injunction or other court proceedings.

"We are willing to give them access to our line on any reasonable terms," said Mr. Tate.

An agreement was put in by Mr. Tate showing that in consideration of a right of way given by certain of the property owners the P. G. E. had agreed to instal a fast tram service, using gasoline motors, for a local service connecting West Vancouver with Lonsdale avenue.

Certain West Vancouver property owners protested against the proposed location of the P. G. E., as it spoiled the waterfront land.

"We are not going to give away any foreshore rights, either here or elsewhere," assured the chairman, Mr. Drayton, of the commission.

Concerning the application of the C. P. R., Mayor Hanes of North Vancouver urged that the commissioners fix a time in which the work should be completed.

"The question of time will be looked after," agreed Chairman Drayton. "The matter has rested too long now."

Applications from the Burrard Bridge & Tunnel Company for approval of certain minor changes in their plans were considered, and the commission ordered that these plans and those of the C. P. R. should harmonize so that there would be no difficulty in joining the tracks.

One of the applications for the bridge company asked for a slight change in location, and Mr. C. W. Craig, for the Vancouver, Westminster & Yukon Railway, asked for a similar ruling in regard to that company's proposed tracks, the crossing of the Inlet by the V., W. & Y. being projected over the bridge. This brought forth the announcement from the chairman that it was not the intention of the board to wait any longer for the V., W. & Y.

"We have three months yet under the board's order of last summer," declared Mr. Craig.

"Possibly," admitted the chairman. "But the money market is bad, and I think you are wasting your time. The bridge company seems to be a bona fide company, and intends to go on with the work, and it will be a great benefit to the neighborhood. At the same time there will be no more excuses accepted regarding delays over the

bridge. As soon as we are advised that the bridge company is properly organized we will give the orders for the approaches and the other matters asked for. How long do you want after we have approved of the detailed plans?"

"Two years," replied Mr. W. E. Burns, who appeared for the bridge company.

"Our engineer says you will be all right if you do it in three years," replied the chairman.

"If we give you this order when will you build the line?" asked the commissioner of Mr. J. E. McMullen, who represented the C. P. R. He replied that he had no instructions as to that.

"Then you'd better get instructions," directed the court, and information was given that all the orders asked for in the group of applications concerning matters on the North Shore would not be acted on until later, the commissioners wishing to see the ground for themselves before taking action.

Approval was asked for a bridge which the C. P. R. proposed to construct across the North Arm, connecting Port Moody by rail with North Vancouver. This bridge, it was estimated, would cost upward of \$1,000,000 and would not be immediately contemplated by the railway company.

It was intimated, however, that the bridge cannot be considered necessary at the present time, and it was understood that the plans will remain in abeyance for some time to come.

A Post Office at Fraser Lake

THE Postmaster-General of Canada has been pleased to authorize the establishment of a post office at Fraser Lake, the official townsite of the G. T. P., for the Fraser Lake district. The postmaster will be Rev. Mr. Sweatman. The location of this new office is Lot 19, Block 82, near the G. T. P. station grounds and large tourist hotel under construction.

Vancouver Imports and Exports

MR. BOWELL, collector of customs for Vancouver, has had the following statement prepared showing the return for the Vancouver customs office for the year ending March 31 last. Previously published statements have been only approximate:

Imports, dutiable, \$35,175,401; free, \$9,185,561. Total, \$44,361,962.

Entered for consumption, dutiable, \$34,375,032; free, \$9,100,380. Total, \$43,475,412.

Exports, domestic, \$9,992,554; foreign, \$1,084,867. Total, \$11,077,421.

In this connection the following table showing the totals of exports and imports for the years ending in the dates mentioned, is interesting:

Year	Exports	Imports
1907	\$ 4,838,275	\$ 9,447,060
1908	6,734,726	13,637,841
1909	5,848,378	11,901,425
1910	7,769,129	16,873,468
1911	7,320,325	25,632,096
1912	8,148,697	32,505,431
1913	11,077,421	44,361,962

It is necessary to point out that no goods in bond are included in the above figures. Goods in bond passing through the port of Vancouver easily come to \$100,000,000 per annum. A million-dollar silk cargo, for example, is not at all uncommon. The record silk cargo up to the present was valued at \$1,800,000. For immense amounts of tea Vancouver is also only a landing stage.

The Alaska "Panhandle"

MR. NOEL J. OGILVIE, of Ottawa, who is in charge of the survey work being done by the Canadian government on the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, recently left Vancouver for the North. In an interview before his departure he expressed much interest in the proposition before the American senate to cede the "Panhandle" to Canada in order to allow access to the open sea to a large part of Canadian territory. He said the "Panhandle" was about 807 miles long and from 30 to 40 miles wide. There are several mining and fishing industries there. He was inclined to doubt if the proposed gift would go through or was made seriously.

Railway Building on the Island

MR. R. MARPOLE, chief executive assistant of the Canadian Pacific Railway, recently made a trip of inspection of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway and branches. On his return he announced that the company would spend \$1,500,000 on its Vancouver

Island system this year, exclusive of the terminals in Victoria.

Mr. Marpole went over the recently-completed branch line from Duncan to Cowichan Lake, a distance of twenty-five miles. Extensive terminals have been built at Cowichan Lake to handle the output of the lumber mills. This branch has been inspected by the inspecting engineer of the Dominion Railway Commission, and an order authorizing the beginning of a train service is expected shortly.

The tour also included an automobile trip over the extension along the east coast from McBride Junction to Courtenay, a distance of forty-five miles. The grading is now well advanced and will be finished this coming autumn. Steel has already been laid three miles north of McBride Junction. Foundations have been laid for steel bridges across French Creek, Little Qualicum, Big Qualicum, Sable River and Trent River.

At Alberni the site of a new lumber plant to be erected by Victoria capitalists at an early date was approved.

New Public Buildings and Works

A LARGE number of grants for important works in this province are shown in the supplementary estimates recently tabled by the Dominion Government. The votes for public buildings include the following:

- Courtenay—Public building, \$5,000.
- Comox—Public building, \$3,500.
- Coquitlam—Public building, \$15,000.
- Duncan Station — Public buildings, \$20,000.
- Kamloops—Drill hall, \$25,000.
- Nanaimo—Public building, \$25,000.
- New Hazelton—Public building, \$7,000.
- Powell River—Public building, \$12,000.
- Prince Rupert—Drill hall, \$35,000.
- Prince Rupert—Quarantine station, re-vote \$2,400, \$59,000.
- Prince Rupert — Public building, \$100,000.
- Sidney—Public building, \$8,000.
- Vancouver, South — Postal station, \$15,000.
- Vancouver—Drill hall, further amount required, \$200,000.
- Vancouver, North — Public building, \$25,000.
- Vancouver—Old Post Office building, additional, \$17,000.



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- Vancouver, North—Drill hall, \$30,000.
 Vancouver—Postal station "B," \$35,000.
 Vancouver, North—Post Office, \$750.
 Vancouver—New detention building, \$50,000.
 Victoria—Observatory, \$12,000.
 Victoria—Old Post Office building, to pay taxes due for years 1900 to 1906 and 1910 to 1912, inclusive, \$13,010.57.
 Victoria—Post Office improvements, additional amount required, \$20,000.
 Victoria—Public building, to provide for government's share of cost of new pavements put down by the municipal authorities, re-vote, \$5,310.42.
 Vernon—Public building, further amount required, \$2,700.
 Williams Head—Quarantine station, new buildings, improvements and repairs to existing building and fittings, additional revote \$15,000, \$86,000.
 Harbor and river votes include \$16,000 for three surveys and maintenance of gauges in the Rainy River and \$5,000 for a wharf on Rainy River.
 British Columbia votes are numerous, those amounting to \$3,000 and over being as follows:
 Campbell River—Repairs to wharf and construction of shed, \$4,600.
 Clam Bay, Thetis Island—Wharf, \$3,000.
 Columbia and Kootenay Rivers—Wharves, \$25,000.
 Deep Cove—Wharf, \$3,500.
 Crofton—Wharf, \$4,000.
 Fraser River, North Arm—Improvements, \$200,000.
 Fraser River—Training piers and dredging, further amount required, \$250,000.
 Fraser River—Removal of snags, further amount required, \$23,000.
 Fraser River—Protection of banks at Canoe Pass, \$4,500.
 Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound—Wharf, \$5,500.
 Holberg—Wharf, revote, \$12,000.
 Granthams Landing, Howe Sound—Wharf, \$4,500.
 Howe Sound—Removal of snags, \$5,000.
 Lillooet River, South Branch—Improvement of the channel, \$6,000.
 Lockport, McResby Island—Wharf, \$4,000.
 Nanaimo Harbor—Improvements, revote, \$43,000.
 Oak Bay—Breakwater and wharf, \$10,000.
 Pender Harbor—Wharf, \$4,000.
 Pitt River—Wharf, \$3,000.
 Point Cowan, Bowen Island—Wharf, \$4,000.
 Pritchard—Wharf, \$7,300.
 Queenston, Yakoon River—Wharf, \$5,000.
 Rocky Point—Wharf, \$3,500.
 Saanich—Wharf, \$5,500.
 Roys Beach—Wharf, \$6,000.
 Scotch Creek Flat, Shuswap Lake—Wharf, \$4,500.
 Seymour Arm—Wharf, \$6,300.
 Shelter Point, Gillis Bay—Wharf, \$6,000.
 Shoal Bay, Burlow—Wharf, \$4,400.
 Sorrento—Wharf, \$3,200.
 Squamish—Wharf repairs, \$3,800.
 Summerland—Wharf, \$23,400.
 Ucluelet—Wharf, \$45,500.
 Wolfson Bay—Wharf, \$3,000.
 New Dredging Plant, British Columbia—Further amount required, \$100,000.

Arrival of a R. M. S. P. Boat

THE Royal Mail Steam Packet Company made their debut at Vancouver with the steamer Flintshire, which arrived on May 22. Coming by way of the Orient she brought a cargo of about 1,000 tons, chiefly consisting of gunny sacks, silks, timber and a supply of government stores for the British gunboat Algerine at Victoria.

The Flintshire is a comparatively small vessel registering about 2,000 tons. She will, however, be followed by large ships of the regular Royal Mail line, including the Falls of Orchy, Harpagus, Vestalia, Den of Ruthven, Glenlogan, Den of Crombie, Den of Glamis, Glenstrae and Monmouthshire.

The Flintshire on her return took 450 tons of wheat for Yokohama.

A New Coasting Line

WITH the charter of the big freighter Leelanaw, of the Leelanaw Steamship Company, plans have been completed for the formation of a new steamship line which will operate its vessels between this city, Seattle and Skagway in the copper ore carrying trade. Acting as a nucleus of a

fleet of steamers which the promoters of the new line hope to establish, the Leelanaw will call at all Northern British Columbian ports of any importance, thus establishing an intermediate service as well as an international one.

Mr. J. E. Webb, of Vancouver, will manage the affairs of the line in British Columbia.

The company is to operate in connection with the White Pass and Yukon route and will be controlled by those interests.

The line will at first handle principally copper ore from the Atlas mine, near Whitehorse, which will be delivered by train at Skagway. The White Pass route has experienced a great deal of difficulty in handling the product of the Atlas mine on account of the heavy movement of canned salmon to Seattle from Southeastern Alaska ports, which has taken all the available space on vessels operating between Skagway and Seattle.

Good for British Columbia Fruit-growers

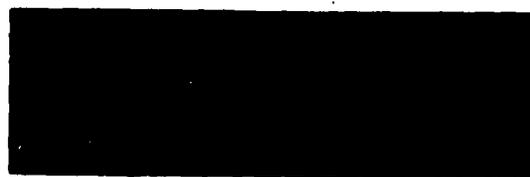
THE proposed express rates reduction on the carriage of fruit from interior points in British Columbia to the coast amounts virtually to 17 per cent. It will come into effect within a few weeks, and promises to prove of immense assistance to British Columbia fruit-growers in meeting competition from United States growers. For instance, the rate from Vernon on every variety of fruit shipped into Vancouver will be \$1.50 per 100 pounds, instead of \$1.80 per 100 pounds as formerly.

This new figure is the exact equivalent of the rate from Wenatchee—the centre of the Washington fruit-growing industry—to Vancouver, though the distance to Vancouver from Wenatchee is only two-thirds that from Vernon.

The early fruits of the Okanagan and other districts, including berries and cherries, will be moved this year under the advantages afforded the growers by the express company's reduction.

New Shipping Lines to Vancouver

APART from provincial and Pacific Coast shipping there are now ten oceanic lines which are sending their ships into the British Columbia ports. They are the C. P. R., the Canadian-Australian, the



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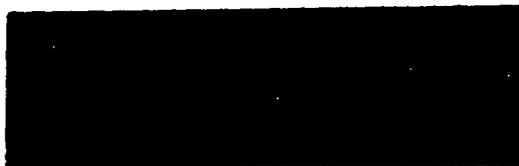
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BRAND
COFFEE**

*to stand the
long test*

*The Favorite
for 50 Years*

**CHASE &
SANBORN
MONTREAL -**



Hamburg-American, the Danish East Asiatic, the Blue Funnel, the Royal Mail, the Harrison, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Osaka Shosen Kaisha and the Russian Volunteer fleet.

The Hamburg-American made its debut at Vancouver with the Sithonia only a few weeks ago. Later there arrived the first liner of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company to come here, the Flintshire, and now comes the announcement that the famous Russian Volunteer fleet will have a regular service on the Pacific coast to commence the beginning of July. The vessels will run between Vladivostok and Vancouver, calling at Victoria.

The steamers to operate on the run are the Saratoff, the St. Petersburg and the Herion, and the first sailing from Vladivostok will be some time between July 1 and 14. There will be a six-week service at first, and if the trade should justify it, eventually a monthly one.

The service will give an alternative route to Russian immigrants, who, instead of travelling round the globe, will be able to go by the transsiberian railway to Vladivostok and ship direct to British Columbia.

Hundreds of Landseekers

REMARKABLE scenes were witnessed at New Westminster on May 19, when applicants were allowed to take out numbers according to the order of which they may fill entries for homesteads in the Dominion railway belt of the Fraser Valley. The intending applicants began to assemble from a very early hour in the morning, and when they were allowed to line up in a queue several hundreds were present. Over 560 took out numbers.

Though it was the general impression that there were only 200 blocks available, the others will be given the opportunity of selecting land in their turn.

Mr. J. W. Martin, Dominion land inspector, states that the whole of the railway belt is now open for homestead entry, except the land already taken up, which is covered by timber berths. Early in June the Salmon Arm district will be thrown open for entry, and a great rush may be expected then.

The two hundred forty-acre blocks which were regarded as the most desirable land were evidently greatly coveted, but the crowd was well behaved. The police had been clearing the street throughout the night, and some time before eight mounted policemen cleared a space near the railings leading to the gate through which the land-seekers would pass. Five ladies who headed the list of applicants escaped this disciplinary measure, and when the police allowed a line to be formed at quarter to eight o'clock, by the courtesy of all, they were allowed to remain where they would have first choice.

A Year's Growth of Vancouver

ACCORDING to advance estimates compiled by the publishers of the Vancouver city directory the population of Greater Vancouver is 200,000, with the municipality of Burnaby included. The directory estimate usually includes only those living within the City of Vancouver proper, South Vancouver and Point Grey, and the figures for this area are 185,000.

The figures show an increase of from 12 to 15 per cent. over the population of last year. The directory for the year 1912

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Five Fertile Acres at the Seashore for the price of one skimpy city lot

This land of sunshine invites you. In her generous lap lie gifts which are yours for the taking. Wealth is there—independence—freedom. Health in her perfect climate is the natural thing. Happiness? Well, the man or woman who is unhappy here would be miserable in Paradise.

Industry and common sense are just as necessary here as anywhere else. No amount of natural advantages can ever make up for lack of those two qualities. Nature will not allow any man to take her gifts without effort.

But here is the point:

The man who owns and tills one of these Five-acre Tracts works with the climate, soil, everything in his favor. The same effort that is required to wrest a bare living in other parts of Canada is rewarded with a satisfying competence at Qualicum.

In its climate Qualicum has an asset which for all time to come will pay tenfold dividends in health of mind and body to those who come and

live here. Nowhere in Canada can one breathe a sweeter, softer air than at Qualicum, where during a very large part of the winter and spring months every day is perfect. When the telegraph tells its tale of blizzards that are sweeping the North and West Qualicum knows naught of it.

Then the soil. A better soil cannot be found for small fruits, berries and vegetables of all kinds. This is proven by the developed farms all around Qualicum Five-acre Tracts on exactly the same kind of land.

Qualicum Five-acre Tracts adjoin the coming premier pleasure resort of Western Canada, with its magnificent hotel and golf links now building.

Qualicum Five-acre Tracts adjoin the coming town of Qualicum.

Qualicum Five-acre Tracts are on the C. P. Railway and Island Highway.

Qualicum Five-acre Tracts have fourteen miles of splendid roads.

We want to take you over with us and show you QUALICUM FIVE-ACRE TRACTS. Any day will do. Just tell us when. What's the use of waiting? Now, RIGHT NOW, make up your mind that you will come with us and see Qualicum Five-acre Tracts. JUST FILL OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.

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any way by sending this coupon.

Name

Address

.....

contained 56,296 addresses, with the population placed at 169,424.

The Site for Coquitlam Station

AN application of the Canadian Pacific Railway for a review of the Railway Commission's order of December 13, 1912, refusing permission for the moving of its station at Coquitlam was refused by the Railway Commission during its recent sittings in Vancouver. It was explained that the company needed the station on a more easterly location.

"We showed the commissioners that we needed it moved for operating reasons," said Mr. J. E. McMullen, representing the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"My recollection is that they were real estate reasons," replied the chairman, Mr. Dayton. "It is probable that some day the railway station will have to be moved further east in order to give all the transportation facilities that will be needed. It is probable, also, that this will be at no distant time, but the traffic does not require it now."

The Grand Trunk's "Last Spike"

MR. J. E. DALRYMPLE, vice-president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, who, on his return recently from a trip over the completed portion of the system from Lake Superior to the eastern coast, announced that the last spike will be driven in the company's transcontinental line at a point 375 miles east of Prince Rupert in October, 1914. He added that through trains will run from Montreal to the Pacific Coast early in 1915, just in time to share in the increase of traffic consequent on the opening of the Panama Canal.

It is stated that a series of mountain hotels are to be built in the Rockies by the Grand Trunk Pacific, the most important being opposite Mount Robson.

Two New "Princesses"

MR. GEORGE J. BURY, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announces that the contract has been let for the construction of two new and modern vessels for the trade of this coast. These vessels will be of the best possible type and capable of handling the greatly increased traffic of the Pacific Coast waters.

The company, in authorizing Captain Troup to go to Great Britain and place a contract for the two vessels, made it clear that they were to be of a type superior (as well as larger) to the present Princesses, and it is generally understood that they will be vessels of 5,000 tons.

A First Train on the C. N. R.

A FEW weeks ago the first train, carrying a number of passengers who were the guests of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, passed over the coast section of the company's new transcontinental line from New Westminster to Spuzzum, a distance of 114 miles, and back. The run was entirely successful. This section of line was commenced on July 10, 1910, and considering the extraordinary difficulties the work accomplished is highly praiseworthy. The section contains three short and one comparatively long tunnel just above Yale, the latter having a length of 2,280 feet.

The grade and metals complete between Port Mann and Hope represent an average

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NEAR NEW WESTMINSTER AND VANCOUVER

WE have for sale several five-acre blocks situated in a fast-growing district, which are especially suitable for fruit, vegetable, and poultry raising. They are on a good road, and less than half a mile from an electric railway running into New Westminster, only 8 miles distant, and to Vancouver, which is 20 miles. This location is ideal for a small farm, and with these two large markets so close there would be no difficulty in disposing of farm produce at a good figure. The price of this property is \$150.00 per acre, and we can arrange exceptionally easy terms to anyone who will settle on it and make improvements. As an investment it is first-class; we know of nothing that will produce a greater percentage of profit than this. Acreage not any better, and further from Vancouver, has already been sold at a higher figure. Look this up—it's worth your while.

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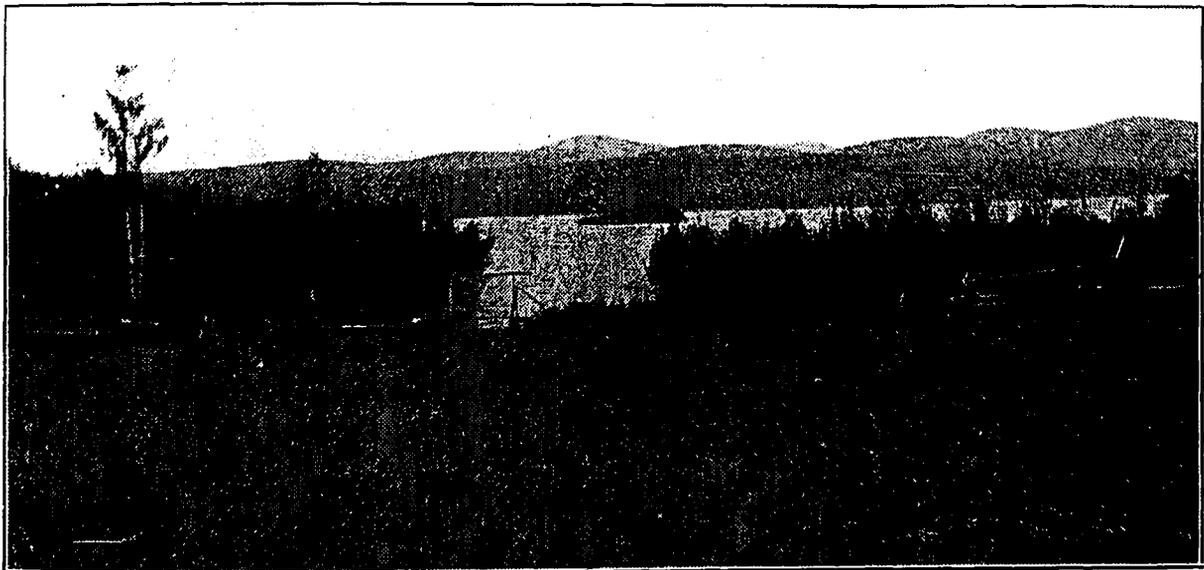
OFFICIAL GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY TOWNSITE

"This is to certify that Fraser Lake is the official townsite of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Coast District, British Columbia. It is the intention of the railway company to erect a fine station on this townsite, commensurate to the district it will serve, which will be erected as soon as the line is completed through this district.

"The company looks upon Fraser Lake as probably one of the best townsites on the line in the Province of British Columbia.

"Five per cent. of the gross sales of this townsite is set aside to be handed over to the first Board of Trade when duly constituted, and when it has a membership of twenty-five in Fraser Lake. This fund to be used for the development of the town, advertising resources of the district, etc."

(Signed) G. U. RYLEY,
Land Commissioner Grand Trunk Pacific Railway



EAST END FRASER LAKE TOWNSITE, OVERLOOKING THE LAKE

FRASER LAKE, B.C.

Fraser Lake Townsite is right in the centre of thousands of acres of the finest agricultural, grazing and fruit lands, timber, mineral resources and coal areas in Central British Columbia; also the head of navigation for over 1,000 miles of inland waterways; huge waterpowers within two miles; finest situation along G. T. P. for summer resort; good hunting, fishing, etc.; splendid climate; projected western terminus G. T. P. branch line now under construction from Edmonton, Alberta, through Peace River country; station site and standard No. 1 station approved by Canadian Board of Railway Commissioners; every contract for sale issued direct to purchasers of lots by Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE AND FULL INFORMATION FREE
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Gentlemen,—Kindly send me illustrated literature and full information regarding Fraser Lake Townsite.

Name

Address

.....

cost of \$50,000 per mile, from Hope to Spuzzum \$80,000 to \$100,000, so that five millions roughly represents the company's investment in the section of the road now to be considered as an accomplished undertaking.

The line as far as Spuzzum follows the water grade without deviation from the south bank of the Fraser, and is singularly free from curves or rise and fall.

In the 243 miles of the Company's road between Port Mann and Kamloops there will be nineteen steel bridges from 70 to 981 feet in length. The tracklaying and bridge construction over this line, according to a leading official of the engineering department, will be completed by the end of next December.

The Marketing of Fruit

A CENTRAL selling agency is being organized to arrange for the disposal of Okanagan fruit and vegetables during the coming season.

Instead of selling on a commission basis, a set price per package will be assessed for selling the fruit, and a set price per ton on the vegetables.

Every grower will be asked to sign an exclusive contract for the whole of his crop, by-products included, as it is the opinion of the directors that they can obtain better prices for canning fruit than the individual growers. When contracts are once made they cannot be broken until the following March.

Another Fraser Bridge Wanted

THE case for the erection of a new bridge across the Fraser River from New West-

minster by way of Annacis Island was laid before Sir Richard McBride, the provincial premier, on behalf of the New Westminster city council.

Captain Powell, the harbor engineer, submitted a tabulated statement showing the present congested state of railroad traffic on the existing bridge.

The statistics for the week commencing April 19 and ending April 25, exclusive of Sunday, 20, were as follows:

From 6 a.m. to 6 p.m.—G. N. R. trains, 70; B. C. E. R. trains, 63; speeders, 18. Total, 151.

Daily average for week days, 25; estimate for C. N. R., 17; estimate for Northern Pacific, 8. Total, 50.

With river traffic allowing for only 12 openings per day, 6 a.m. to 12 p.m., at 10 minutes each, 2 hours; time available for trains, etc., 10 hours; 50 trains, etc., will mean one every 12 minutes.

It is impossible to distribute trains evenly for a 12-hour period, and furthermore the number of trains is liable to increase with the development of the province.

The government was asked to undertake the building of the bridge across the Fraser from the south mainland to Annacis Island, to make connection with the main harbor of New Westminster, and further to pass an act to give the harbor commission the privilege of creating an assessment district for harbor development, with the land as security for payment of interest and sinking fund.

Sir Richard promised careful consideration of the matters brought before him. He also pointed out that the contractors for the Pacific Great Eastern Railway were required to build a line to New Westmin-

BRITISH COLUMBIA INVESTMENTS

A First Mortgage on Vancouver city property is a safe and profitable investment for your funds. We arrange loans on a basis of 50 per cent. of a conservative valuation, which is an ample margin for security in this growing city, where values are steadily increasing from year to year.

Having made a specialty of this branch of our business for many years we are in a position to secure the most desirable loans at the highest current rates of interest. Fire Insurance covering the amount of the loan is always written, with loss, if any, payable to the mortgagee.

Correspondence invited.

References: Bank of British North America, Vancouver.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.



Pioneers in Newport

We control a large list of the best-located business and residential properties in the town-site.

We can offer you some exceptionally fine buys just now. Before investing in Newport it will be to your advantage to call upon us.

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A. J. MacMillan W. L. MacDonald
President *Managing Director*

Phone Seymour 6316

718 Rogers Building VANCOUVER, B. C.

PEMBERTON MEADOWS

This magnificent valley will be, when developed, the finest and most prosperous farming district in the Province of British Columbia. It has the soil, virgin river silt, that grows crops considerably larger than any of our other fertile sections. It has the location, only 60 miles from the salt water and 100 from Vancouver, just far enough inland to be out of the heavy coast precipitation belt. Nestled right down in the mountains with a moderate and invigorating climate, the valley possesses a charm quite unusual to farming districts. It is offering a real opportunity, too, for thrifty farmers, for it is just opening up. The new Pacific Great Eastern Railroad is now building. Today it is the finest place in this whole province to make a practical, permanent, and substantial mixed farm or dairy ranch. We have been studying Pemberton conditions for years. Write for our free leaflet, "Pemberton Meadows."

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326 Homer Street VANCOUVER

THE FARM LANDS DEPARTMENT OF
PEMBERTON & SON

Newport Town Lots Bulkley Valley Lands

Any Information Concerning
Newport Cheerfully Furnished

Also Farm Lands and Acreage
in Bulkley and Squamish
Valleys



T. T. DUNLOP

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Phone Sey. 5822 VANCOUVER, B. C.

NEWPORT

We were the original selling agents for the above townsite and control most of the business section and adjoining property.

For information in connection with Newport and vicinity write us. We know every foot of ground in the district.



MORTEN & WILMOT

Rooms 4 and 5, Exchange Building
142 Hastings St. West
VANCOUVER, B. C.

ster, which would give the city communication with the north, Pemberton Meadows, the Cariboo country and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

To Tunnel Through the Rockies

THE contract has been let by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Messrs. Foley, Welch and Stewart for the construction of the Rogers Pass double-tracked tunnel through the Rocky Mountains.

This company will also build seven miles of double-tracked approaches on each side of the tunnel, making a total of 20 miles of double track, including the five miles of tunnel.

Four years will be taken to complete the work and the cost will be between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000. It will be necessary to drive shafts a mile deep through the mountains.

MESSRS. Frank Waterhouse & Company have announced their intention of enlarging their present steamship service between Vancouver, Victoria and the Puget Sound ports. They will charter the new steel

steamship Comanche, now building at the plant of the Seattle Construction & Drydock Company. She is 185 feet long, 34-ft. beam and has a depth of 24 feet. She will be able to maintain a speed of ten miles an hour loaded, and will have a capacity of 500 tons dead weight.

THE C. P. R. has agreed with the Vancouver Board of Park Commissioners to lease that portion of the Kitsilano waterfront owned by the railway company and known as the hotel reserve. The city is given the option through the park commissioners to lease the property, containing six acres, for a term of twenty-one years, with the right to purchase the property within five years for the sum of \$200,000.

THE city assessor for New Westminster has reported to the city council that the census just completed by him gave the city a population of 17,198. Two years ago the population was officially 10,000, so that the growth is regarded as very marked.

A directory estimate made a few weeks ago was that the population had reached

WEST NEWPORT

Our new property now ready for the market. In all cities development moves westward. Newport is no exception to the rule.

WEST NEWPORT is close-in west end property. 100-ft. boulevard traverses it.

Sulphur spring on property. Five acres reserved for sanitarium.

Large, roomy lots, lowest prices by far in Newport. Easy terms.

LOTS 75 x 122 \$100 UP

10 per cent. cash, 5 per cent. monthly.

Call for illustrated booklet and full particulars from the exclusive agents.

FRANK W. TAYLOR & CO.

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Phone Sey. 3777 VANCOUVER, B. C.

Squamish Acreage Newport Lots Fruit Lands Timber



For Sound Newport Investments See Us

We have the cheapest and best buys in Pemberton Meadows and Portage.

SCHARSCHMIDT & SONS

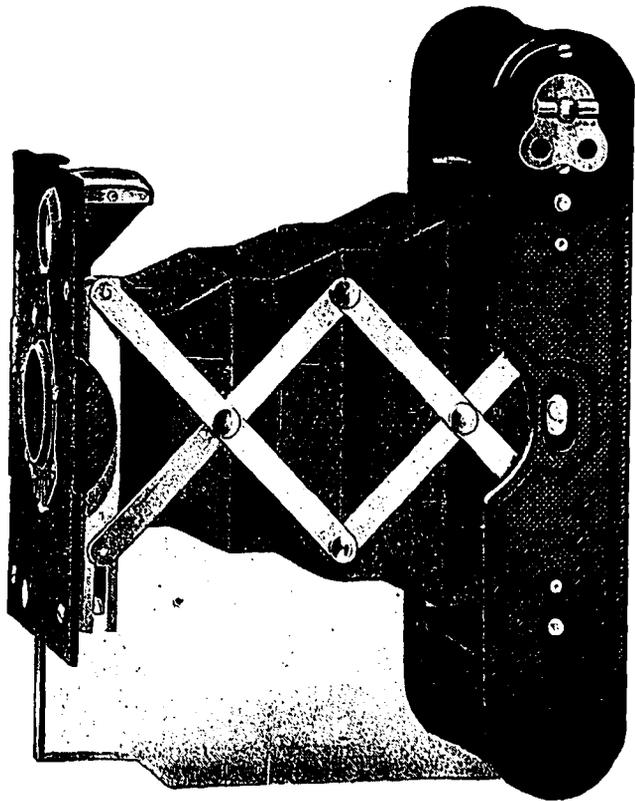
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Pocket



K O D A K

Literally small enough to go into the vest pocket (or a lady's handbag)—big enough to bring home all outdoors—a miniature in size, but lacking nothing of Kodak efficiency or simplicity.

Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus achromatic lens, Autotime scale and brilliant reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. A fixed focus makes it always ready for quick work. Lustrous black metal finish.

Pictures $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Price \$7.00

Catalogue at your dealers, or on request. Free.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED

TORONTO

20,000, including the population of districts just outside the city limits.

AN EXTENSIVE lumber mill will shortly be built on the north shore of Port Moody by the Vancouver Timber and Trading Company, of which Mr. Alvo von Alvensleben, of Vancouver, is managing director. The cost of the mill will be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$300,000, with an output of 60,000,000 feet a year. The mill site will occupy about one thousand feet of waterfront.

EVIDENCE of the growing needs of traffic on the lakes of British Columbia is afforded by the announcement that contracts have been let for a new steel barge for use between Kootenay Landing and Proctor, the second to be built for this run this year; also for the construction of a new steamer on similar lines to the Nasookin, and for a steel tug, both for the Okanagan lake service.

A COMPANY has been incorporated for the purpose of breeding black foxes and other fur-bearing animals in captivity on Vancou-

ver Island. Its headquarters will be located on a 175-acre farm with an elevation of 800 feet above the sea and distant seven miles from Nanaimo.

GREAT activity is being displayed in the building of the new road from Tulameen to the new silver-lead mining camp, New Leadville, at the summit of the Tulameen. The road will extend for a distance of twenty-one miles.

THE forestry department for the province has decided upon the immediate construction of a telephone line from Grand Forks to Lynch Creek, twenty miles up the north fork of Kettle River.

WORK is proceeding on the three-track steel bridge across the Coquitlam River, the construction of which has been expected for some time by the citizens.

A STRONG movement is on foot to establish a weekly market at Kamloops, the proposal being described as "essential to the interests of the city and the farming community."

NEWPORT BRITISH COLUMBIA

I have for sale acreage tracts fronting on the railway and close enough to the centre of the original townsite to be subdivided into business and warehouse lots. Purchasers can make a handsome profit at once by subdividing. I have also the best business and residential lots in the townsite for sale at from \$500 to \$5,000. Full particulars on application.



F. W. HUNT

107 Winch Bldg. VANCOUVER, B. C.

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INTERVIEW US
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We own, control or have listings of all saleable property in the Townsite.

516 Winch Building Vancouver, B. C.

PORT COQUITLAM

“Pay Roll” and “Pay Well” City

☐ The old-time patent medicines undertook to demonstrate their efficacy by “before-and-after-taking” pictures. These pictures were usually fakes and, at best, products of the artist’s imagination.

☐ But the idea was sound.

☐ Every business proposition, every investment, should be able to stand the “before-and-after-taking” test.

☐ Coquitlam welcomes the test. This sterling new terminal town has only a year-and-a-half of life behind it, but those eighteen months have been so many months of demonstration of the wisdom of past and future investments.

☐ The investment opportunity is better than ever. Much as has been done, the town has only started. The big things haven’t even been started yet. And a lot of them are to be started.

☐ Look at the list of industries already started or announced: Shipbuilding yards, switch manufacturing plant, artificial stone works, 3,000-barrel flour mill, dredging plant, C. P. R. elevators, boot and shoe works, etc., and half a dozen other big industries in sight.

☐ This list means that Coquitlam will be a PAY-ROLL city, and a PAY-ROLL city means a PAY-WELL city for real estate investments. Prices are not inflated. We are willing to sell some lots, but we are more interested in locating industries.

☐ Give us a hint or a suggestion that will bring another industry to Port Coquitlam and we will pay you liberally for your services.

☐ We want industries and industries want Coquitlam.

CUT OUT AND MAIL

Coquitlam Terminal Company Limited

549-553 Granville Street
Vancouver, Canada

Dept. B. C. M.
COQUITLAM TERMINAL CO. Limited
549-553 Granville Street
Vancouver, Canada.

Gentlemen,—Without obligating me in any way, please send me at once full particulars of your new plan for the promotion of industries at Coquitlam and the advancement of real estate values.

Name

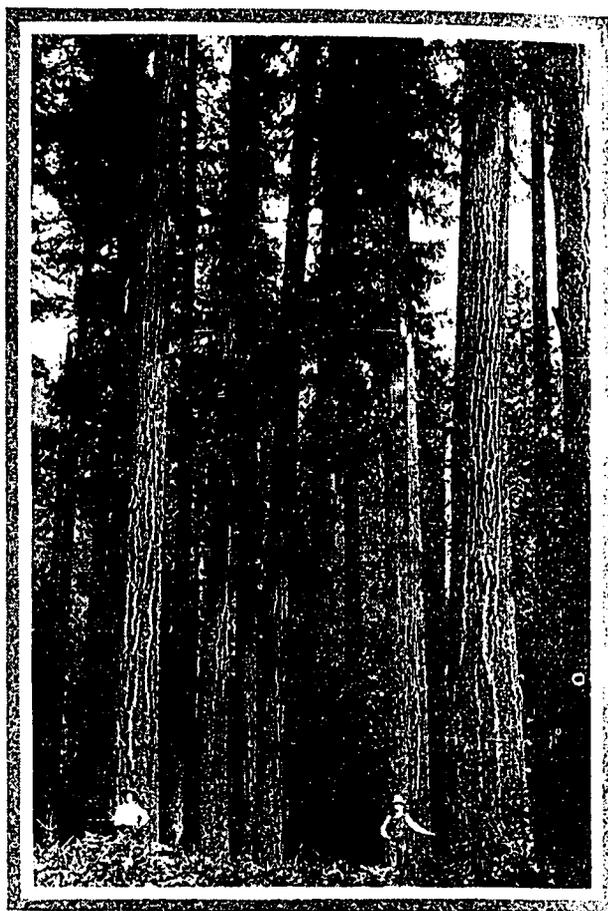
Address in full

.....

Port Alberni, B. C.

ANYONE who is at all familiar with the history of British Columbia can readily see that an investment in Port Alberni property now, whether city or suburban, will net him handsome returns before any great length of time. Manufacturing sites with the most excellent facilities may be had, there being a very large potential water-power in the falls of the Somass River, close to the harbor. On the waterfront splendid sites are also procurable at reasonable prices, these offering every advantage in the way of trackage and shipping. The C. P. R. has a fine modern depot in the town, and trains connect each day with Victoria, and thence by boat to Vancouver. Port Alberni lies at the head of the Alberni Canal, a long indentation on the west coast of Vancouver Island and at the mouth of the Somass River. It is backed and flanked by Copper and Arrowsmith Mountains, which, however, offer no impediment to entering railroads. The site of the town is a gradual slope from the waterfront, opening into the magnificent Alberni Valley, which is already extensively farmed and is one of the best districts on the Island. A short distance from the townsite are Buttles, Cameron and Sproat Lakes, some of the most beautiful bodies of inland waters in the province. These lakes offer splendid opportunities for hotels and resorts for the tourist, and the Canadian Pacific has already constructed some chalets in close proximity to the lakes and mountains. On the ocean, and but a short distance from Port Alberni, stretches twenty miles of magnificent sandy beach, the famous Long Beach, which is the resort and delight of thousands of tourists every summer. It is the intention of the C. P. R. to erect a chalet here, which alone will be a distinct advantage to the town. It is the gateway to a paradise for the hunter, fisherman and tourist, in addition to being one of the most advantageous sites for a great city ever laid out. Excellent motor roads now reach every part of the Island, and there is no difficulty in reaching the Port in a short time from Victoria over the famous Pacific Highway, for which this town is the terminus.

As to climate: The rainfall is less here than in Vancouver, which is less than in many parts of the eastern provinces. Severe winters are unknown on account of the proximity of



STANDING TIMBER, PORT ALBERNI DISTRICT

the Japan current, and the summers are indescribably delightful. In summing up the advantages of Port Alberni, it is seen that it has the natural advantages of a harbor unexcelled, a townsite of ideal location, excellent water-power resources of incalculable value behind it for which it is the natural port; a busy, progressive administration which is engrossed in making it one of the most attractive towns to the homeseeker and manufacturer, as well as investor, in this fast-growing country; banks, schools, business houses, hotels, wharves, factories, railroad, shipping facilities, and in fact every component of a manufacturing and shipping centre. There can be no doubt but that for every dollar invested in Port Alberni the investor will gain manifold in the next ten years.

On Vancouver Island

In the Alberni, Nanoose and Newcastle Districts, splendid farming land at

\$35 per Acre

in 10, 20, or 40-acre tracts, on terms of one-fifth cash and one-fifth each year.

This is Your Golden Opportunity

CARMICHAEL & MOORHEAD, LIMITED

OFFICES

VICTORIA, B. C.

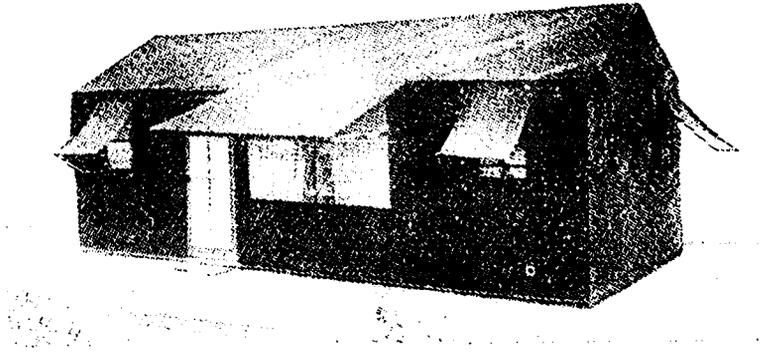
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At Bowen Island, White Rock Beach, White Rock Heights Savary Island, Salt Spring Island, and all other summer resorts, TAKE NOTICE to the Little Brown Bungalow below:



Don't Rent a Summer Home—Buy One that Travels with You

☐ These wonderful little brown bungalows are made so that they will put up or take down in a few hours. Thousands used them last summer enjoying the most modern and most comfortable of all modes of summer living. The

Kenyon Take Down House

has hardwood floors, rust-proof screens, awnings, and ventilated gables, and coming in from one to eight-room sizes costs less than a summer's rent. These houses go right with you to any lake or resort you desire and give you your own home wherever you want it.

Prices \$77.00 to \$455.00 complete

☐ Call and see these houses set up and completely furnished, or write for price list and catalogue to

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AGENTS WANTED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Cranbrook, B. C.

Population, now close to 5,000, is rapidly increasing

CRANBROOK is a divisional point of the C. P. R., whose payroll is over \$75,000 a month.

Railways: From east and west, the C. P. R., and from middle and eastern States and Pacific coast point, the Soo-Spokane-Portland.

Great Northern, via Lethbridge, Alta., or Elko, B. C., connects with British Columbia Southern (known as Crows Nest Branch of the C. P. R.).

Kootenay Central Branch of the C. P. R. connects with all points north. And the North Star branch of the C. P. R. reaches Kimberly and Marysville districts.

In the vicinity are twenty-five sawmills, five planing-mills, three sash and door factories, mining camps and many other industries, employing a large number of men the year around.

The climate of CRANBROOK approaches the ideal as near as may be found in Canada. The scenery is unsurpassed in variety and grandeur. Large and small game is found in abundance. It is the centre of a district 100 miles square, rich in timber, minerals, etc. From an agricultural standpoint the land in general is well suited to mixed farming.

The fruit-raising industry is as yet in its infancy owing to the fact that up to the last few years the chief attention was given to mining and lumbering. However, experiments have proven so satisfactory, and the markets are so great, that land is rapidly increasing in value.

The different points in the district are connected by first-class roads, in fact the roads



AUTOS IN A FIELD OF GRAIN NEAR CRANBROOK

are so good that Thomas N. Wilby, while here on his pathfinding trip from coast to coast, said: "The roads out of this city look as if they had been gone over with a flat-iron, they are so smooth."

This city has a municipal hall, new \$75,000 post office, six churches, three banks, three theatres, large hospital, two rinks, several places of amusement, five schools, large Y. M. C. A. building, Masonic Temple, I. O. O. F. and K. of P. halls, and eight hotels with excellent accommodation. Also electric lighting, gravity water and sewer systems. Magnificent natural power facilities await development. Large mercantile establishments and wholesale houses meet the needs of a rapidly growing community.

The C. P. R.'s new transcontinental line from Winnipeg to Vancouver will go via CRANBROOK and the Crows Nest Pass.

Fruit and Vegetable Land

Near the big markets, in a delightful climate, a mile and a half from the prosperous, growing CRANBROOK, B. C., is what the sensible farmer is looking for.

There is a 3,000-acre tract at APPLELAND that is just waiting to grow the best fruits

and vegetables in British Columbia. All perishable products can be disposed of readily. Your product picked at noon is eaten by the consumer for supper.

Ask us about the 5-acre tracts for \$500.00; one-quarter down.

THE CHAPMAN LAND & INVESTMENT CO.

CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA



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"The Real Playground of British Columbia"

The situation of the original Summer Resort Townsite of White Rock, for which we are the official agents, is unexcelled for convenience of transportation, scenic surroundings, bathing, boating, sea beaches, fishing, and delightful walks and drives.

Four trains daily each way stop at White Rock, and on and after June an additional White Rock "special" will be run.

A daily mail, post office, stores, hotel, bathing and boat houses and lunch rooms, long-distance 'phone, etc., are at your service.

The railway station is the most commodious and modern on the G. N. R. system in British Columbia.

The beach is a magnificent strip of sand over five miles in extent.

The bay, with its vista of islands, headlands and the snow-clad Olympias, has been named by visitors "The Bay of Naples of the Pacific."

We have opened up the roads, laid water mains, built houses and made other improvements on a large portion of the property we are offering for sale.

A limited number of houses and tents for sale and rent, but to secure these early applications should be made.

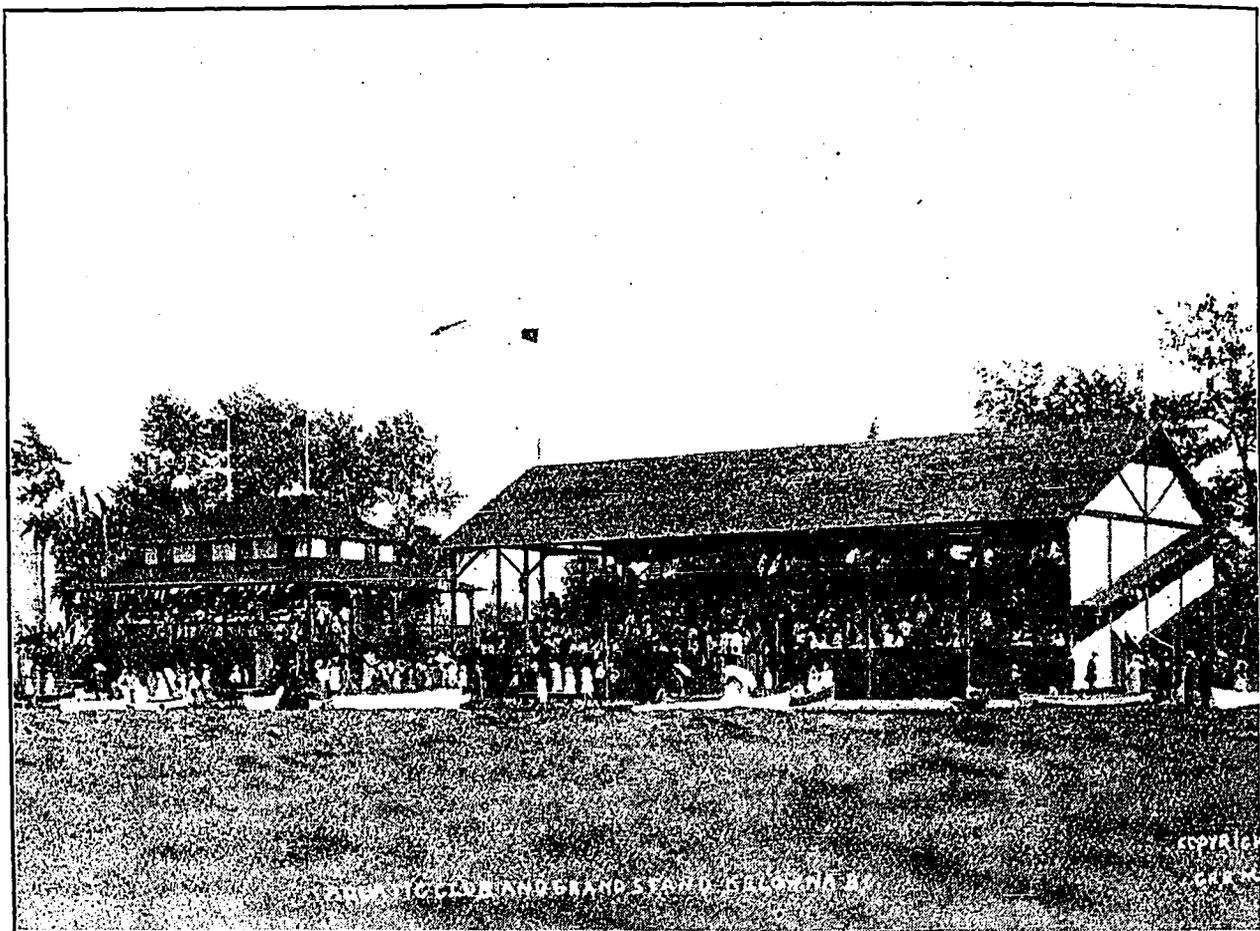
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Kelowna, Okanagan Valley, B. C.



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All of these things we are anxious to share with thousands of others. Washington and Oregon fruit lands are three and

four times as expensive as ours. This year's net result to their growers has been far less than ours have received. In open competition with American apple exhibits, Kelowna has taken the best prizes.

Come and see for yourself. For any information or illustrated booklet write: G. A. Fisher, Secretary Publicity Department, Board of Trade, Kelowna, B. C.

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First-class Fruit Lands in the Kelowna

District for Sale

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B-NAT-CO CIGAR

A Little Thing to Look For—A Big Thing to Find

You will find smoke-enjoyment a-plenty by following this simple injunction. B-Nat-Co Cigars have that *real* Havana flavor that only the finest leaf—*grown on our own plantations*—can lend to a cigar. Most every good tobacconist sells B-Nat-Co's: Earls, 3 for 50c; Majestics, 2 for 25c; Barons, 3 for 25c; seven sizes in all.

Try them—*TODAY*

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Kelowna, British Columbia

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*The Westminster
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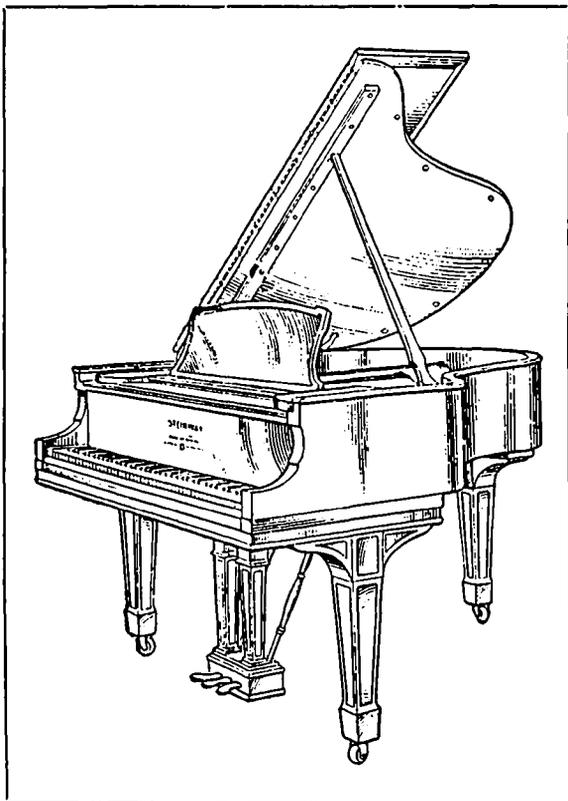
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J. J. JONES, Managing Director
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Change of Name but not our business policy

Although the house of M. W. Waitt & Co., Ltd., has been in business for half a century there has not been a Mr. Waitt connected with the firm for the past twenty-one years.

The policies of the house for reliability, honesty and square dealing, established by the

founder in 1862, have been ably maintained by our president, Mr. Herbert Kent.

These policies will be the foundation for our business in the future, which from June 2nd will be known by the name and trade-mark below.



SUCCESSORS TO

M. W. WAITT & CO., LTD.

558 Granville Street

VANCOUVER, B. C.

LAKEVIEW GARDENS

The Choicest and Cheapest

FRUIT LANDS

in British Columbia

☐ Situated seventeen miles south of Kamloops in a PROVEN fruit-growing district.

☐ Enjoy a delightful and healthful CLIMATE, a rich, fertile fruit SOIL, an abundance of pure WATER, excellent TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES, fine ROADS, good MARKETS at high prices, and are suburban to an important city.

☐ LAKEVIEW GARDENS are CLEARED and READY TO PLANT, and can be purchased in blocks of ten acres and upwards, on EXCEPTIONALLY EASY TERMS at

\$125 to \$200 PER ACRE
INCLUDING WATER

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Vancouver Island

The Valley of Opportunities
The Oldest and Best Farming District
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For the Settler

IMPROVED farms, logged-off lands, bush lands, sea and river frontage, small tracts suitable for fruit and poultry, on easy terms. Good climate. Good markets.

For the Investor

TOWN lots, business chances. The C. P. R. and C. N. R. building here; the two largest coal and lumber companies in British Columbia spending millions in development work. Get in line with them and make their money make you money.

We want your enquiries. Write us now.

CAMERON & ALLAN

The Comox Valley Specialists
COURTENAY, B. C.

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White Rock

Across road from new station. All lots one-fifth acre.

Streets 66 ft. wide, slashed but not graded.

Choice of level or bench lots.

Front lots will be used for business purposes.

Indefeasible title.

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Co-operative Investment Co.
or J. H. Vidal

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NEW WESTMINSTER - B. C.

"For Mother,
the Others—
and Me"



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**INFANTS-
DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP**

THE favorite toilet soap from Halifax to Vancouver. Once you have enjoyed its creamy cleansing lather and its refreshing, softening effects on the skin you too will prefer Infants-Delight Toilet Soap.

It's economical, too, for the dense, solid cake wears till it is thin as a wafer. 10c. everywhere.

Your dealer can supply you with this and any other of the many Taylor-made Toilet articles.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
LIMITED
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OLDEST AND LARGEST PERFUMERS
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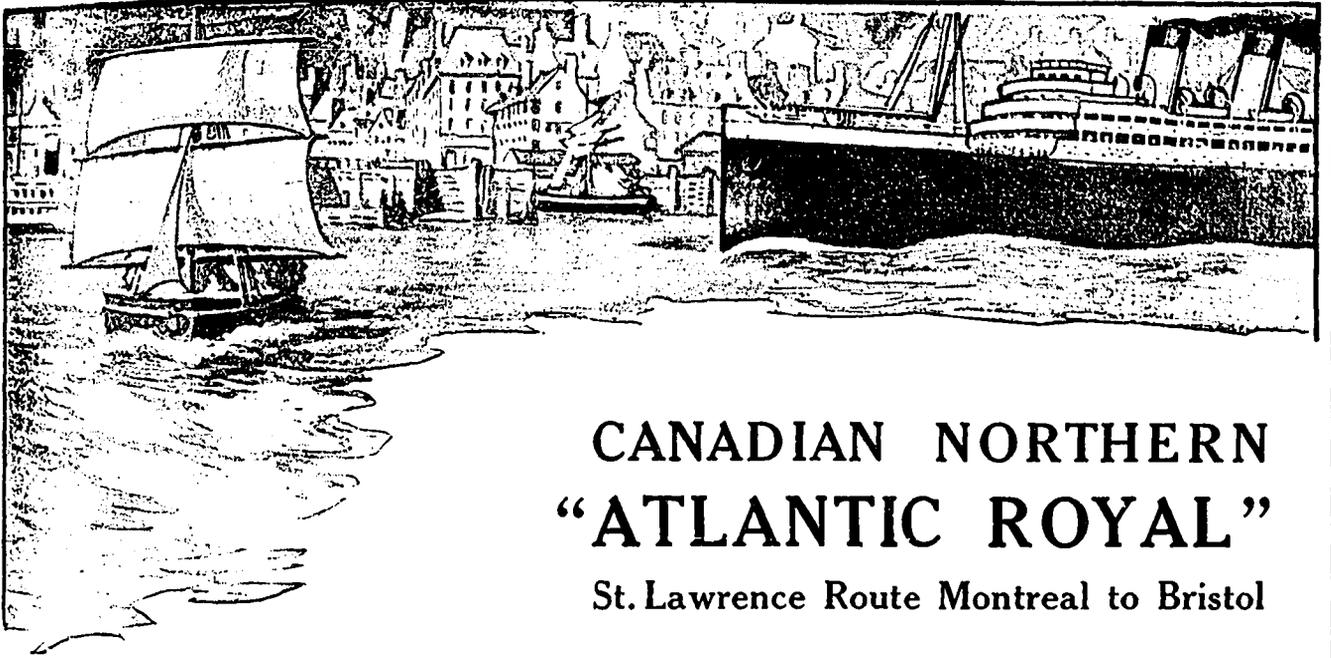
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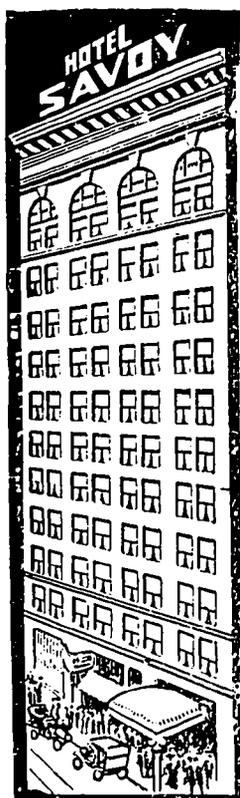
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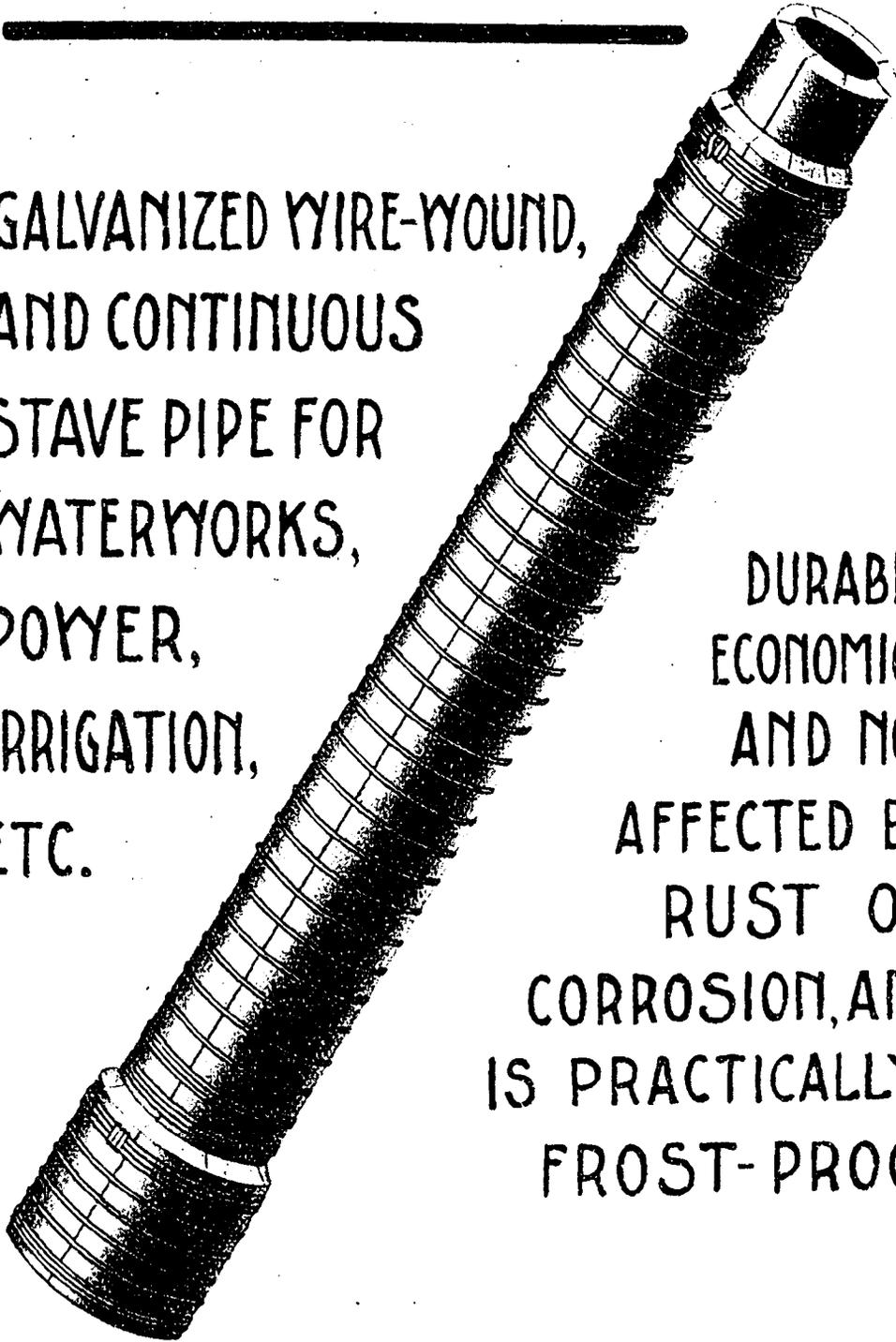
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Dollars for You

The passing of the False Creek Agreement means money to East End property owners.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?

The C. N. R. Bylaw was ratified by the City Council some time ago and on March 15th voted upon and approved by the citizens.

Read the summary of this agreement:

Agreement is made between City of Vancouver, Canadian Northern Pacific and Canadian Northern Railway.

Of the 157 acres comprised in agreement, company to have 113 and city 44.

Land to be used as principal permanent western terminus of C. N. R. and for all time only for railway terminals.

Company to pay whole expense of extinguishing riparian rights on nineteen lots off Main Street, land to remain city property.

Company to fill in bed of creek at own expense. To commence work within ninety days.

Company to expend not less than \$4,000,000 on union passenger station and terminals.

Union passenger station, terminals, buildings, tracks, tunnels and facilities are all to be for use of Pacific Great Eastern Railway and any other railway companies.

Company to provide sufficient yards, tracks and freight sheds to accommodate handling of freight cars and freight of any other railway companies.

The one double or two single-track tunnels to be electrified.

Company within eight years to establish and maintain trans-Pacific steamship line; Vancouver to be its home port.

City to have twelve acres for industrial sites north of First Avenue extension.

Company may lease land not immediately required for terminal purposes, for manufacturing, industrial or warehouse sites.

Company to erect hotel on railway property.

Company to give city park fronting station, with driveway, cost of maintaining to be borne by company.

Think what this will mean to the adjacent properties.

We are specialists in this district and recommend the buying of business property and hotel sites on the following streets: Hastings, Pender, Keefer, Harris, Union, Prior, Main, and streets running parallel with Main, lying to the east.

A stimulus will also be given to houses, residential lots, and apartment house sites in Grandview and Mount Pleasant.

Write us today about property in these districts.

The Acadia Trust Company Limited

H. L. BEAMAN, *Manager Real Estate Department*

150 Hastings Street East

VANCOUVER, CANADA

Vancouver Island, B. C.

Canada

Its Principal Cities Outside of Victoria

In all the various districts of Vancouver Island the tokens of development and progress continue to multiply. Railway activities and the steady work of extending and improving the island roads and highways have a great deal to do with this, and the constant influx of settlers to the country communities, the towns and the cities continues to widen the sphere of action both as to urban and agricultural potentialities.

The Alberni District, with the promising and energetic little cities of Port Alberni and Alberni, is progressing with sure strides, and the incoming of the Canadian Northern Railway into the neighborhood is the latest move which is adding impetus to the already live condition of affairs. Not the least important feature of this district's future is the coming opening of Strathcona Park and its world-heralded beauties. That thousands of visitors will come through in this way to reach the park is assured, and that numbers of them will fall in love with the district and remain there is also an undisputed fact.

Nanaimo is fast coming to the front because of its geographical position, fine harbor, and vast natural resources. It has always been a great coal-mining centre, and yet this is in reality only one of its commercial factors. The lumbering and fishing industries, and more lately, manufacturing, promise to rival the mining interests in time to come, for year by year the trend of capital to Nanaimo and the signs of the financial zodiac point to very large industrial developments at this point. Nanaimo is now and has for some years past been agitating for a tramway system. That this will be installed does not admit of a doubt, and it will go far towards metropolitanizing the city. Its harbor is a splendid one, and its shipping trade considerable. A few years hence and this centrally located and thriving place will have gained greatly in population and commercial importance.

Cumberland and Ladysmith are both up-to-date, virile and go-ahead little cities, remarkable for their civic spirit and systems of municipal government. Each has rivalled the other in the matter of enthusiasm for the betterment of existing conditions, and the result has been of the greatest possible benefit to the citizens. Both are in the heart of the coal measures of their districts, and Ladysmith has a fine harbor, thus affording rail as well as sail transportation for its mining output, her situation on the main line of the E. & N. Railway giving through connection with all island points on this line. Cumberland connects by rail to Union Bay, and is moving energetically for further rail service by way of the Canadian Northern Railway. Their future is a bright one, and founded on solid advantages.

Duncan and Sidney are centres for agricultural districts, Duncan being especially favored as the trading metropolis of the famous Cowichan Valley. This recently incorporated little city has one of the finest general stores in Canada, a flourishing Creamery and Egg Association, and its reputation for the finest of butter and eggs is so firmly fixed that the highest prices are realized for its product. Sidney, at the terminus of the Victoria and Sidney Railway, may yet become an important terminal manufacturing point as well as an agricultural centre. All of these cities have their boards of trade, which are busy in forwarding the interests of their communities in every possible manner.

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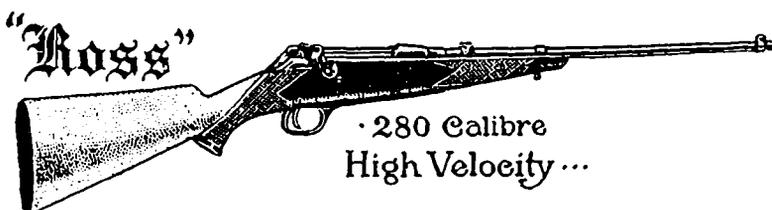
☞ By the way, many dealers have not yet any Ross .280 (High Velocity) Rifles. Don't forget that not only is this rifle absolutely the best sporting rifle made and the best rifle value offered, but moreover every sale means a tidy profit to YOU.

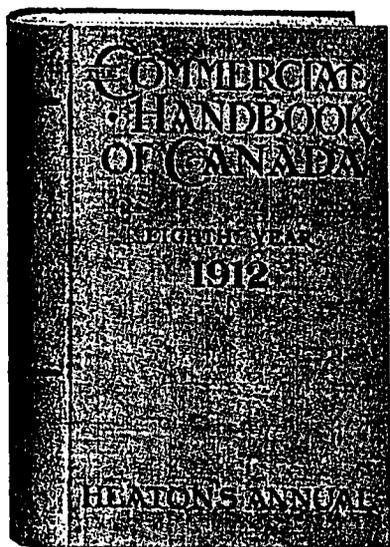
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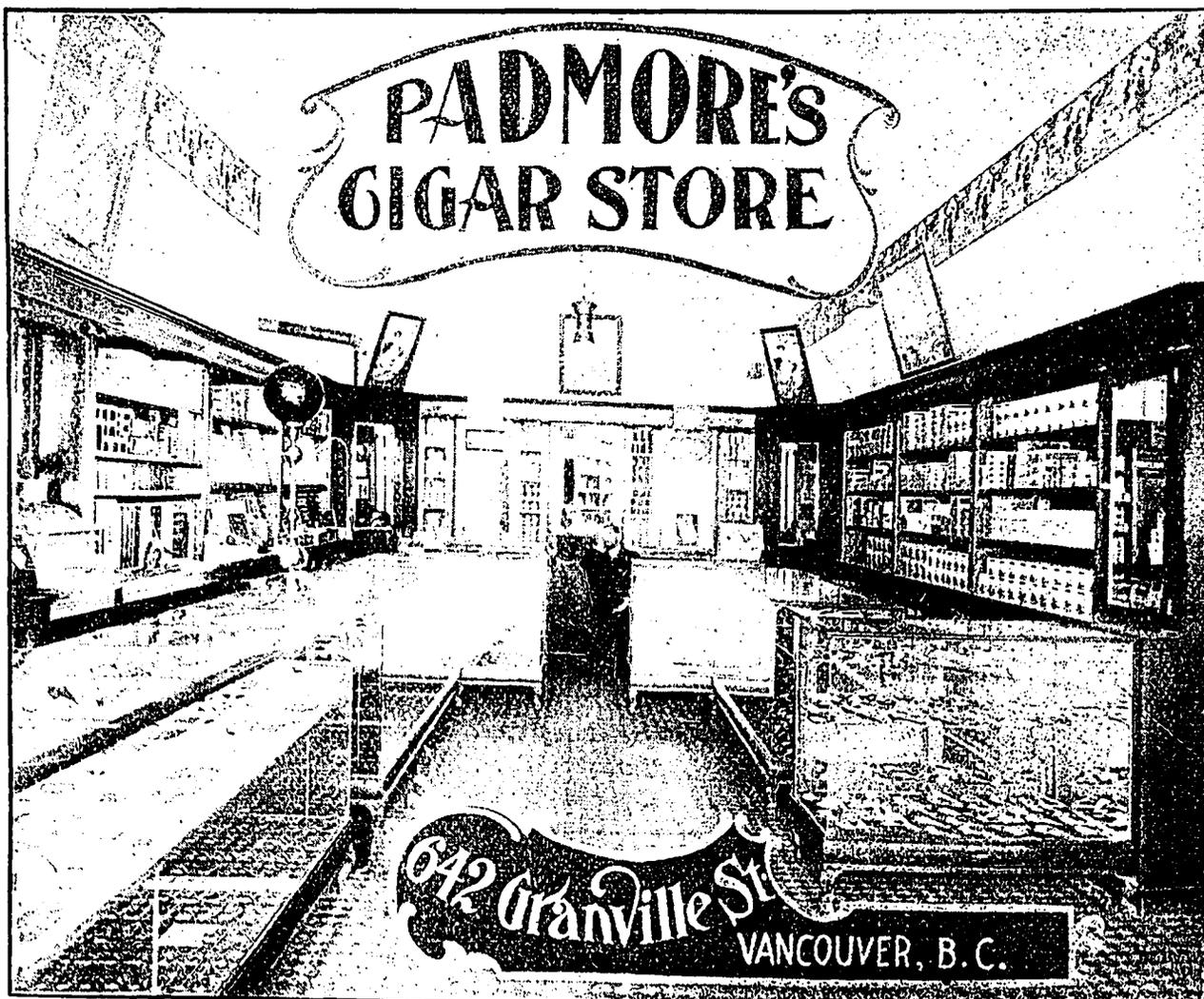
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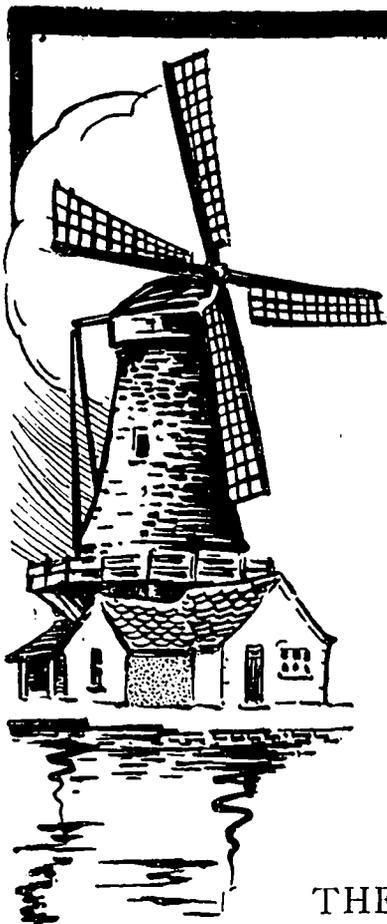
An interesting experiment was tried recently by a big mail order house. Ten thousand circular letters were mailed to prospective customers — five thousand were printed on a cheap, every-day letter-head; the remaining five thousand on a carefully designed, good-to-the-eye and good-to-the-touch letter-head. The good letter-head telling the story convinced two hundred customers—the other but sixty-four. Think it over.



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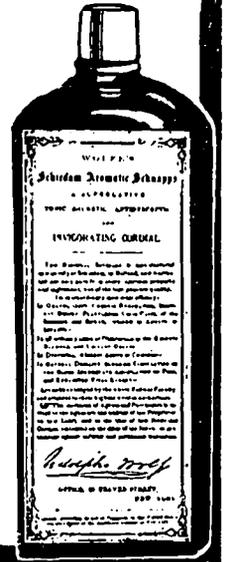
The beverage for all times and all weathers, for men or women, the healthy or the ailing. It imparts lasting exhilaration and gives tone and vigor to the system. A real health tonic owing to its cleansing action on the liver, kidneys, and other organs. Vastly superior to ordinary gin.

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Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirtwaist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.



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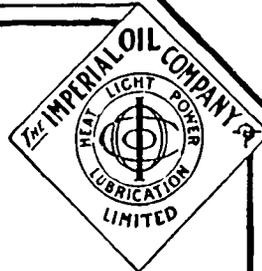
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that
knocking
at the
kitchen
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